

THE FATAL MOVE

written by

Igor Kantor

drama, thriller, sport

Copyright (c) 2023 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

contact: garikbrodsky@yahoo.com

THE INSCRIPTION ON A BLACK SCREEN:

"Based on 'She Broke Heart of America' by Angel Clarkson"

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

It's hard to believe, but it happened! Twenty one years old American Madison Burke won the Candidates Tournament for the World Chess Championship for the first time in history.

INT. MADISON'S REST AREA - DAY

A pretty face of a young white girl with long black curly hair appears in the frame - MADISON. She sits in a dark room in dim light with her eyes closed.

An old indigenous man in a strict suit and with feathers in his hair lights a pipe, blows out a jet of smoke...

The smoke envelops Madison's curly head. The indigenous man starts to sing in his native language.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The wall covered in newspaper clippings about Madison Burke. There are photos and just articles. A real altar for a crazy fan. A man's hand shows up in the frame, with a tattoo of dice on it. Fingers with dirty nails caress a photo of Madison from a newspaper clipping.

INT. NEW YORK. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Madison enters the conference room, dressed in a black jacket and a skirt, looking like a secretary. JEFFREY, 60, a man with facial hair, walks after her. He's Madison's agent and her coach. They sit down at a long table facing the journalists.

PETROV, 36, a tall handsome brunet with glasses, enters the room next. He has two of his seconds with him. He smiles at the journalists, then exchanges a glance with Madison.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The tatted hand takes a polaroid camera from the table...

The cluttered apartment. On the right is the altar wall, on the left is an ironing board with an iron.

The occupant of this apartment is standing with his back to us - SIMON, 45, a white man in a plaid shirt, with jeans pulled down. He holds the polaroid to his groin. A flashbulb illuminates the gloomy apartment for a moment...

The tatted hand puts a polaroid photo in an envelope...

A fleshy tongue licks the adhesive edge of the envelope...

The tatted hand writes "Simon" on the envelope.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

After brilliant victories in super tournaments, in the status of two-time US champion and two-time women's champion, she came into the Candidates Tournament, where she confidently defeated the best grandmasters of the planet without a single loss, earning the right to meet the world champion Mikhail Petrov.

INT. NEW YORK. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Madison, Jeffrey, Petrov and a couple of his seconds are sitting at a table opposite the journalists.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (O.S.)

Are you afraid of Petrov?

MADISON

No. I played against him many times.

JOURNALIST #1 (O.S.)

Are you happy that the match will be held in your home country?

MADISON

I don't know. I don't care.

JOURNALIST #2 (O.S.)

What is chess to you, Miss Burke?

MADISON

Love. Passion. Life. Fate.

JOURNALIST #3 (O.S.)
Miss Burke, what do you think about
the situation in Serbia?

JEFFREY
Please don't ask questions about
politics.

JOURNALIST #1 (O.S.)
Why was your match moved from May
to February? Why such a hurry?

MADISON
Probably Petrov wants to get rid of
me as soon as possible.

Petrov shakes his head with a smile.

INT. PETROV'S REST AREA - DAY

Petrov is in a soft leather chair, opposite him is a man with
a gold watch on a chain. He immerses Petrov into hypnosis.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Mikhail Petrov has been the owner
of the chess crown for the past
twelve years.

INT. MADISON'S REST AREA - DAY

Madison sits in a chair with her straightened back. Her hands
on her knees. The eyes are closed. She breathes deeply. The
indigenous man walks around her with smoking sticks. Smoke
envelops her.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Can Miss Young Talent defeat the
undisputed Petrov?! We'll find out
very soon.

INT. NEW YORK. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The same press conference. The same journalists.

JOURNALIST #4 (O.S.)
Are you by chance a relative of
grandmaster Alexander Petrov?

PETROV
No. I just have the same last name.

JOURNALIST #5 (O.S.)
Is it true that you have a massage
chair in your rest area?

PETROV
Do you have other question?

JOURNALIST #5 (O.S.)
What can you say about your
opponent?

PETROV
Madison is a very strong chess
player. She rightfully deserved the
title of candidate. I don't think
this match will be a cakewalk for
any of us.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (O.S.)
Are you afraid to lose to a woman?

A beat. Petrov chuckles. This chuckle passes on to the
journalists.

PETROV
You know, in sports, someone has to
lose. But I'll still fight if you
don't mind.

Laughter in the room.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A chessboard with chess pieces in the foreground. Camera
focuses on the black King. Simon is in the blurred
background. He keeps having fun with his Polaroid.
Flashbulbs. Nasty laugh.

INT. NEW YORK. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Madison and Petrov leave the table and approach each other
face to face. They stare into each other's eyes. Petrov
smiles. Flashbulbs of journalists.

Petrov holds out his hand to her... she accepts. Flashbulbs.
Madison and Petrov look towards the journalists, shaking
hands for a long time.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

The match will be held in New York, consisting of sixteen games of classical chess. The participants need to gain eight and a half points to win. With a score of eight to eight Petrov retains the championship. Besides the title, the winner will also get one million dollars.

INT. MADISON'S REST AREA - DAY

The jets of smoke envelop Madison's head...

The indigenous man blows out a smoking stick...

Madison opens her eyes. The movie name: "THE FATAL MOVE"

EXT. NEW YORK. STREETS - DAY

Panorama of daytime New York City. Manhattan. We see the skyscrapers, WTC...

Busy street. Rush hour...

Breakdancers are dancing in the street. the vapor comes from their mouths. It's February.

One-legged dirty homeless man sits on the sidewalk with a sign "VETERAN"...

A huge screen on a skyscraper - a photo of Madison appears on it with the caption "BURKE" on the bottom. Then a photo of Petrov appears with the caption "PETROV". Then goes both of their photos with the caption "MATCH 1997", then: "EMPIRE STATE BUILDING", then: "HISTORY IS COMMING"

EXT. JFK AIRPORT. RUNWAY - DAY

A private jet lands on the runway.

INT. JFK AIRPORT. TERMINAL - DAY

Jeffrey rubs his belly with a prune face:

JEFFREY

I shouldn't have eaten that sandwich.

Madison takes her bag from the luggage conveyor belt, slings it over her shoulder.

MADISON
They should meet us.

Jeffrey picks up his bag from the floor and they leave.

INT. JFK AIRPORT. TERMINAL - DAY

DRIVER #1 is waiting at the exit of the airport, dressed in a black uniform with a cap on his head. A sign "MADISON BURKE" is in his hands...

Jeffrey and Madison are walking through the busy airport...

DRIVER #1
Madison Burke? I'm your driver. I will take you to the hotel.

They walk to him. He takes her bag. And they follow the exit.

DRIVER #1
(to Jeffrey)
Excuse me, sir?

JEFFREY
I'm with her.

DRIVER #1
Sorry, I'm instructed to meet only Miss Burke.

JEFFREY
What?! I'm Jeffrey Bullock, her agent and second. We are on the same team.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me! Are you Jeffrey Bullock?!

They turn back...

DRIVER #2 runs up to them in an identical uniform, with a sign "JEFFREY BULLOCK"

DRIVER #2
I'll take ya! You're commin' with me.

JEFFREY
What?

MADISON
 (to Driver #1)
 Which hotel are you taking me to?

DRIVER #1
 O'Neil Sesame.

DRIVER #2
 (to Jeffrey)
 Marriott, sir.

JEFFREY
 We were checked into different
 hotels?

DRIVER #2
 Apparently yes, sir.

MADISON
 Great.

JEFFREY
 It's a joke? Why nobody told us
 before?!

MADISON
 I bet, It's Petrov deeds.

She puts a cigarette in her mouth and walks outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Two identical black luxe Mercedeses are parked outside the airport. Driver #1 puts Madison's bag in the trunk.

Driver #2 is standing near his black Mercedes. Madison and Jeffrey are next to the cars. She smokes.

JEFFREY
 Tomorrow at ten in the morning we
 have a press conference with
 Petrov. Don't forget, please. And
 don't oversleep.
 (to driver #2)
 I hope we don't have to take a taxi
 to the press center?!

Driver #2 shakes his head.

DRIVER #1
 Ma'am, I'm ready.

He opens the back door of his Mercedes.

JEFFREY

See you tomorrow, girl.

MADISON

See ya.

She throws away a cigarette butt, gets into the car and drives away. Jeffrey looks at his driver #2:

JEFFREY

What are you lookin' at? Take me!

Driver #2 opens the back door of the black Mercedes for Jeffrey. He flops angrily inside. Driver #2 shuts the door.

EXT. IN THE CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Madison frowns at the passing view of New York City through the glass of the back door...

The black Mercedes drives over the Brooklyn Bridge. The camera pulls back and the panorama of Manhattan with its famous skyscrapers appears before us again.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY - DAY

A lobby of the personal building of mogul Sam O'Neil, the part of it serves as an elite hotel.

An eccentric CONCIERGE is behind the reception counter. He wears a red uniform with a cap. He talks to the porter, then he distracts by the front doors...

CONCIERGE'S POV - Madison is getting out of the black Mercedes parked on the street. She heads for the glass doors of the entrance. Driver #1 carries her luggage after her.

The concierge gives a sign to the porter to be ready - the porter pulls himself to attention. The concierge fixes his uniform, fixes his hat and checks his breath for bad smell...

Madison walks over to the counter. Driver #1 puts the luggage on the floor and leaves.

MADISON

Hi. I'm Madison...

CONCIERGE

(interrupts)

Burke! Very nice. We were waiting for you.

(MORE)

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
 (strictly to the porter)
 Hey, take Miss Burke's things to
 her room quickly!

The porter bows, grabs her stuff and runs off.

CONCIERGE
 (smiles)
 Please. Room two one three. Follow
 me.

He emerges from behind the counter and moves towards the elevators. Madison follows him, looking around the lobby. She sees...

Art Deco foyer. A large golden elevator door, next to it is a bored security guard "reads" Playboy magazine. The sign "RESIDENTS ONLY" at the lobby entrance.

Madison frowns and keeps on following the concierge.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens and grinning concierge enters the spacious room, followed by Madison.

CONCIERGE
 Welcome to O'Neil Sesame. Make
 yourself at home.

A beat. Madison starts feeling her coat pockets for a "tip".

CONCIERGE
 (with mock embarrassment)
 Oh please? Don't bother. You are
 the pride of United States and Mr.
 O'Neil's dear guest. We should pay
 you for staying with us.
 (giggles)
 Make yourself comfortable. If you
 need something - just call us and
 we'll fulfill any your whim. Have a
 nice day.

He bows and leaves. Madison is left alone. She observes a really solid room, notices a vase of roses on a snow-white table. She examines the roses - there is a white card.

Madison takes the card. It says: "I wish you the victory. Your Sammy."

She sticks the card back into the flowers.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

The upwards view of the ESB.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. HALLWAY - DAY

JOHN, 30, good looking tall guy with blond hair, dressed in a gray suit, walks down the hallway. A "PRESS" badge is on his neck.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

He stops at the door of the dark hall. A MAN WITH GLASSES is standing at the door.

JOHN
The match is here?
(shows his badge)

MAN WITH GLASSES
(whispers)
Yes, but please be quiet.

John walks into the hall.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

It's dark here. John walks along the seats where his colleagues are sitting. He finally sits down on an empty seat and directs his attention to the stage...

ON THE STAGE - Madison and Petrov playing chess at the table with chess clock and flags of US and Russia. Light sanctifies the players only. Both sit with their jackets off, each thinking about the position.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

We see the position on the board - Black: Rc8, Re8, Kg8, b7, Qc7, Be7, f7, g7, h7, a6, Bc6, d6, e6, Nf6, Nb4. White: Ra1, Rf1, Kh1, b2, c2, Qe2, g2, h2, Nc3, Bd3, Be3, Nf3, e4, f4, a5.

Madison moves for white: Bb6, clicks the clock, writes down her move on the nearby tablet.

Petrov thinks, propping his face in his hands.

IN THE HALL - Jeffrey whispering softly with someone in the dark rows...

John falls asleep, arms folded across his chest.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

Position on the board - Black: Rc8, Re8, Kg8, Be7, f7, g7, h7, a6, e6, Nf6, c5, d5, Qb4. White: Ra1, Rc1, Kh1, b2, g2, h2, d3, Qf3, Na4, e4, f4, a5, Bb6.

Madison's hand: Nc3

Petrov moves: Bd8, clicks the clock and writes down his move.

Madison moves: exd5, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov: exd5, clock, writes down the move.

Madison: Nxd5, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov: Nxd5, clock.

PETROV

(smiles)

Draw?

She frowns at the chessboard and reluctantly agrees. Handshake. The dark room comes to life.

HOST (O.S.)

(into microphone)

And the fourth game is over. It's a draw again. The count is two - two.

IN THE HALL - John awakes by the voice. He looks back at the mumbling spectators, looks at his watch.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. HALLWAY - DAY

Madison, Jeffrey and several people come out of the hall doors...

John looks at Madison with a smile, his hands in his pockets. Madison and Jeffrey pass by without noticing him.

JOHN

(to Madison)

Hey carrot!

Madison turns around, looks at John, remembers:

MADISON

John? Is that you?!

He smiles broadly.

MADISON

No way!

She approaches him. They embrace.

JOHN

I'm glad to see you too, carrot.
Wow you've grown a little!

MADISON

What are you doing here?

JOHN

Came to see the future champion.

MADISON

This is Jeffrey, my coach and
agent. And this is John, my
childhood friend.

JEFFREY

Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

JOHN

How about to have some of beer to
celebrate our meeting? Or you
athletes don't drink?

MADISON

If only not too long.

JEFFREY

I'll probably go back to the hotel.
This city makes my head spin. I'll
call you in the evening.

INT. CAFE - DAY

It's an ordinary eatery - a bar counter on the left, on the
right, the tables are neatly in a row. There are waitresses
walking in the aisle between the counter and the tables.

Madison and John sit opposite each other at one of the
tables. They have a bottle of beer in their hands.

JOHN

So you're still in Boston. And I
became a Big Apple resident.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I write articles, mostly about politics. Always chasing a story. By the way, remember fat Eddie?

MADISON

I do. He always copied from me.

JOHN

He's also in New York. Police officer. Can you imagine that? God, he never could tie his own shoelaces because of his huge belly, and now he's runnin' around New York, catching criminals. Man, we all should meet sometime.

MADISON

Only after the match.

JOHN

Listen, carrot, I have no idea how you can play chess for so many hours? I barely made it to the end. No offense, but this is far from the most spectacular sport.

MADISON

You've just invented a wheel. Will you write an article about it now?

JOHN

(smiles)

And you haven't changed, man.

MADISON

Is it good or bad?

JOHN

Good. You have always been smart. I remember your tricks you used to do back in school. Can you do it now?

She shrugs. Looks around the cafe for a "NO SMOKING" sign

MADISON

Can I smoke here?

JOHN

I guess not.

She drinks from the bottle, thinking distantly. Beat.

MADISON
He's too good.

JOHN
Who?

MADISON
Petrov.

JOHN
Well, he's a champion for a reason,
right?

MADISON
Yes. I knew who I would play
against, but there are still a lot
of games ahead. One mistake, one
loss, and he'll be offering draws
until the end of the match with
that stupid smile on his face. I
know his tactics. I need a miracle
to beat him once at least.

JOHN
Well the fact that you are the
first woman candidate for the chess
crown in the history of mankind is
not a miracle? There are so many
great chess players in the world,
and only you got this chance. Don't
write yourself off. I dug up
information about you, and you know
what I see? You are in this
business for the long haul, carrot.
So, if I were Petrov, I would've
started writing my memoirs now.

MADISON
Sorry, it's just a pussy whining,
and beer. I always get sad from
drinking.

JOHN
Next time we'll order yogurt.

MADISON
Thank you for support.

JOHN
No problem. Let's drink to your
victory, shall we?

MADISON
To victory.

They clink bottles.

JOHN
Do you remember Mrs. Dolly?

MADISON AND JOHN
Molly-Dolly-macaroni!

They laugh.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - EVENING

Panorama of a wheat field. An old pickup truck drives along a country road.

INT. IN THE CAR (MOVING) - EVENING

A driver is BILL, 40. A man with a good-natured face. Next to him, between the driver's seat and the passenger seat, is a huge teddy bear. In the passenger seat - a girl - MADDY - 9 years old Madison Burke with two pigtails. She's wearing a white dress. She has a large lollipop in her hand. She looks out the window...

MADDY'S POV - boundless golden fields. Beautiful sunset.

OUTSIDE - The pickup truck is moving down the road leading to a small town. The caption on the screen: "Kansas. 1984."

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE - EVENING

A small unremarkable one-floor house. There is a lot of rural rubbish around it. An American flag languishes on a porch. Next to the porch is a dog kennel.

The pickup truck stops next to the house.

BILL
Final stop!

Maddy opens the door and jumps out of the truck with the lollipop in her hand...

Bill with a teddy bear in his hand and Maddy go to the house. They are talking cheerfully. We don't hear them.

INT. BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bill is sitting at the large table with a bunch of all sorts of tools and disassembled watches.

A lamp is shining brightly on the table. Noisy TV.

Bill's hands with wristwatch. He pokes its mechanism with a small screwdriver.

Then, we see his face with strange glasses (some kind of special glasses for small work). Bill is completely immersed in work. He squints with his mouth open.

Not far from him, Maddy sits at the small children's table and does her homework.

BILL
(keep working with the
wristwatch)
Does TV bother you, sunshine?

MADDY
No, daddy.

VIEW FROM THE WINDOW - old van pulls up to the house. Dog starts to bark.

BILL
(keep working with the
wristwatch)
Maddy, look who's there, please.

She looks out the window.

MADDY
Uncle Roger. I got it.

She gets up from the table and runs to open the door.

Bill takes off his glasses, turns off the lamp.

INT. BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Maddy opens the door. ROGER is on the porch. He's a twin brother of Bill, but more tough looking. He has a chessboard in his hands.

ROGER
Hello kiddo!

MADDY
Hi uncle Roger.

He enters the house, pats her head:

ROGER
How are you doing? Studyin'?

MADDY

I am.

ROGER

Good girl. Now I will teach you something.

(to Bill)

Old William, how are you?

BILL

I thought you'd drop by on Wednesday.

ROGER

Well, I got a free time on my schedule.

(in a goofy voice)

By the way, I'm here for the business. For the serious one. I'm not into jokes.

Maddy giggles.

ROGER

Don't laugh. Do you know what it is?

He shows her the chessboard.

MADDY

Chess!

ROGER

Exactly! Remember, I promised you to show this game? Let's go, you'll see the thing. Hey, daddy, where can we settle?

BILL

(to Maddy)

Have you done your homework?

MADDY

Mmm, there's some left.

BILL

(to Roger)

You heard?

ROGER

Hey, come on? She's already smart enough. Besides, it won't take much time.

BILL
Okay, one hour, no longer.

MADDY
Yay!

BILL
And then back to homework!

Roger and Maddy are running away from boring Bill...

EXT. BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Courtyard of the Burke's house. It's quite dark.

EXT. BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maddy and Roger are sitting across from each other on the couch. The chessboard is between them.

Position on the board - White: Ra1, Nb1, Bc1, Ke1, Bf1, Rh1, a2, b2, c2, f2, g2, h2, Nf3, Qd4, e5. Black: Ra8, Nb8, Bc8, Qd8, Ke8, Bf8, Rh8, a7, b7, c7, f7, g7, h7, d5, Ne4.

Roger's hand moves for white: ed e.p.

Maddy makes big eyes:

MADDY
Hey, why did you take my pawn?!

ROGER
That's fine. You can play that too.

MADDY
You didn't show me that!

ROGER
I'm showing now.

Bill is at the back of the couch. He watches them playing with a mug in his hand:

BILL
Guys, isn't it time to wrap up?

MADDY
Dad, he's cheating!

BILL
I'm not surprised.

ROGER

I never cheat, young lady. In prison, everyone respected me for that.

BILL

Okay, that's enough. It's already late. Maddy, it's time to sleep.

MADDY

Oh come on, dad?

Bill steps aside.

ROGER

True, it's pretty late. Well, Miss Burke. Let's consider it an adjourment. The father's word is the law. By the way can you spell 'adjourment'?

MADDY

(rolls up her eyes)
A-D-J...

Roger pokes his finger into her stomach. She lowers her head, and Roger immediately scratches her nose with his finger. He smiles, winks at her, and leaves...

NEAR THE TABLE WITH THE WATCHES - Roger approaches Bill:

ROGER

Look, she's a quickie. Helluva real brain. Wish we had such partner back in a days, huh?

BILL

Did you come here for this?

ROGER

May I borrow your trailer? Susan and I wanna take a wedding trip. Just for a week. We'll ride around the state, maybe go to Wichita. Don't worry, I'll bring it back safe and sound.

BILL

I worry but not about that.

ROGER

Relax. I've served mine. I'm not somekinda idiot.

BILL
Okay. But no bad news alright?

ROGER
Telling you, brother. I swear!

Bill steps aside, rummages through things.

BILL
Here you go.

He gives Roger the keys to the trailer.

ROGER
Thanks, man.
(nods towards Maddy)
Look, she seems to like it.

ON THE COUCH - Maddy plays chess with herself.

BILL
She never finished her homework.

ROGER
Not a big deal. Just imagine she'll
become a famous chess player.
She'll be traveling around the
world, making lots of money, huh?
You will be rich!

Bill glares at Roger.

ROGER
Okay, okay, I shut up. Don't hit me
bro. Thanks for the trailer again.

BILL
Go, I'll help you attach that son
of a bitch.

ROGER
(to Maddy)
Hey kiddo! See ya later!

Maddy waves to him.

INT. BILL AND MADDY'S HOUSE. MADDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy room with a bed against the wall. The night lamp is on. Almost half the room is littered with soft toys of all sizes. The new huge teddy bear is among them. Maddy lies on the bed with Bill next to her.

BILL
We have to go to the fair again.

MADDY
And buy another bear!

BILL
Look, you have no place to stock
them. Soon your daddy will be
sleeping with your toys.

She giggles.

BILL
Do you remember how the clown's
nose fell off?

MADDY
Yeah, stupid clown. I didn't like
him.

BILL
It was a fun day.

MADDY
Yeah.

BILL
Did you like chess?

She shrugs.

MADDY
Give me that bunny.

BILL
Which one?

MADDY
Mom's.

He takes a bunny with button eyes.

BILL
This one?

Maddy nods. Bill gives her the bunny, she hugs it.

BILL
Well, good night, sunshine. Sweet
dreams.

MADDY
Good night.

BILL
I love you.

MADDY
I love you too.

He kisses her on the forehead, turns off the night lamp and leaves.

Maddy lies in the dark, eyes open, surrounded by soft toys. She doesn't want to sleep. Her gaze turns to...

The chessboard on a chair.

She hugs the bunny harder, then turns on her side. She doesn't move for some time, but then she gets out of bed and takes the chessboard. She sits on the bed, opens the board, scatters down the pieces, arranges them. She looks at the pieces in the moonlight - Maddy for white. She makes the first move: d4

Black responds: Nf6

White: c4 - Maddy thinks. She places the bunny behind the board opposite her. Turns on the night lamp.

Maddy looks at the bunny...

Bunny "looks" at Maddy and moves: g6

Maddy: f3

Bunny: Nh5

Maddy scratches her forehead, moves: e4

Bunny: e5

Maddy: Be3

Bunny: Nc6

Maddy: d5

Bunny: Bb4+

Maddy: Ke2

Bunny: Nb8

Maddy: a3

Bunny: Be7

Maddy: Kd3, she gives the bunny a sinister look...

Bunny "stares" with his button eyes at Maddy.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Low light. Simon's hands with scissors cut out an article from a newspaper. We see a smiling portrait of Madison and the caption in bold "BORN TO WIN". Simon mumbles something unintelligible under his breath...

His hands stick the fresh clipping onto Madison Burke's altar wall...

Simon's hands are carefully wiping something with a black rag - it's a silver Colt! It shines like a brand new. Simon turns it over in his hands, admiring it. All this time, a female reporter voice is broadcasting from the TV:

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

Burke and Petrov made another draw once again. The count is six to six. Many have called this match as the most boring in history. But others note the stubborn struggle of both chess players. Surprisingly, but the defending champion still cannot win for twelve games in a row. It looks like the candidate has every chance of winning.

EXT. NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

FIRST PERSON'S POV - The camera (viewer) moves quickly towards the entrance gates of the Empire State Building...

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE - DAY

Madison and Petrov are sitting at the chessboard.

Position - Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Re7, f7, h7, a6, b6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Rc1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, f2, h2, Nc3, e3, b4, Nd4, f4, a5. Petrov makes a move for black: bxa5

Madison moves: bxa5.

Both write down their moves.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Observation deck on the 86th floor. It's cold here. People look through binoculars. Take photos.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY

FIRST PERSON'S POV - we (the camera) enter the elevator, the people in the elevator look suspiciously at us...

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

A little girl looks through binoculars, next to her is her father. Suddenly shots are fired! Screams of people! The father quickly takes his daughter away...

People are running around the observation deck in panic.

EXT. NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

Police cars with their blinkers on arrive to the building.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

Madison and Petrov sit with their heads bowed over the chessboard...

POLICE OFFICER enters the hall. He immediately grabs the attention of the public. He walks to the stage, talking on his walkie-talkie.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, sir, you need to leave the building. There was shooting at the observation deck. There are few dead.

Madison and Petrov stare blankly at him.

PETROV

What?

POLICE OFFICER

Please follow me.

PETROV

We are playing.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, we need to check the building.

A tall, elderly ARBITER appears:

ARBITER

What's happened? What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER

The shooting, sir. The shooter is dead, but we have reason to believe there is a bomb in the building.

PETROV

How long will you be checking?

POLICE OFFICER

A couple of hours, sir. Not less.

Petrov frowns in puzzlement, looks at his watch, which lies next to the chessboard.

PETROV

(to Madison)

Let's adjourn the game?

Madison nods.

PETROV

(to arbiter)

Have an envelope?

(to police officer)

Just one minute.

He writes down his next move on the sheet...

Madison watches the movements of his hand. The barking of a dog! She shudders and looks into the hall...

IN THE HALL - a cop with a dog on a leash checks the empty seats. Jeffrey talks to another cop - he explains to him that he won't go anywhere without Madison.

Petrov gives the sheet to arbiter. He seals it in an envelope.

Madison signs the protocol, then Petrov does. He puts his watch on, then quickly puts on his jacket:

PETROV

(in russian)

That's stupid.

He leaves.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am?

Madison gets up from the table and takes one last look at the position...

Position on the board - Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Re7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Rc1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, f2, h2, Nc3, e3, Nd4, f4, a5.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

The same position on the chessboard on the couch in Madison's room...

She comes out of the shower in a white bathrobe. Drying her hair with a hairdryer. A male voice broadcasts from the TV:

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)
New update on today's shooting at
the Empire State Building. The
shooter was...

Madison turns off the TV. Then she goes to the chessboard. She sits down on the couch and stares gloomily at the board for a while. Turns off the hairdryer.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Madison sits on the couch with a mobile phone in her hand. Long beeps. Sleepy Jeffrey's voice on the phone:

JEFFREY (V.O.)
Yeah?

MADISON
You know, he moved Rook b7. I
distinctly remember the movement of
his hand. He wrote a loop with
tail at the first letter, like the
letter R ...

JEFFREY (V.O.)
(interrupts)
What? Who? Maddy... what the hell?
What time is it?

MADISON
Three A.M.

JEFFREY (V.O.)
Oh shit. You have a game tomorrow.
Go to bed.

MADISON
 (continues guessing)
 Rook b7 is a good move. Why
 shouldn't he move like that?

JEFFREY (V.O.)
 Can you hear me? We've discussed
 everything.

MADISON
 Yes, but you know, if something
 gets in my head, it's for a long
 time.

JEFFREY (V.O.)
 Just stop thinkin' and go to sleep.

MADISON
 Yes, you're right. Sorry. But maybe
 if I came to you, and we play this
 variation together...

JEFFREY (V.O.)
 Madz!

MADISON
 Okay, don't be angry. Sorry I woke
 you up. Good night.

JEFFREY (V.O.)
 Oh my... Good night.

She flips up her phone, sighs. Her eyes are darting around
 the room - something's on her mind.

MADISON
 Jeffy will kill me.

She resolutely jumps up from the couch.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madison walks down the spacious hallway of the hotel, burying
 her head in a chess book, buttoning her coat as she goes.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Madison exits. Walking across the
 marble floor of the luxurious lobby.

She walks past the reception counter with a huge basket of
 roses. The concierge notices her:

CONCIERGE

Miss Burke, another bouquet for you
from another admirer!

Madison walks past him, not deigning even a glance...

We see Madison leaving the hotel. The camera focuses on the basket of roses - there is a white envelope with "Simon" written on it.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE O'NIEL SESAME - NIGHT

Madison is standing on a brightly lit night street, her hand outstretched with a thumb up. In the other hand she holds the book - she's immersed in reading. A car stops nearby. Madison opens the back door without looking up from her book and gets into the car:

MADISON (O.S.)

Marriott Hotel. Thirty-seventh
Street.

The car leaves.

INT. IN THE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dark car interior. Madison is in the back seat, looking out the window at the passing lights of New York. She slightly frowns - still thinking about the game (or about Petrov's hand?)

The rear-view mirror - the eyes of the driver appear in it.

THE DRIVER

You really nailed him.

Madison is silent. A beat.

THE DRIVER

He's afraid of you.

MADISON

(comes to senses)

Hm? Excuse me, did you say something?

His eyes in the mirror again:

THE DRIVER

I'm following your match. What is it like to be a super girl?

Madison looks at the driver suspiciously...

The right hand of the driver with a tattoo - two dices, one with five dots, the other with four - adjusts the rear-view mirror. Now Madison's face appears next to his eyes.

THE DRIVER (CONT'D.)
When everyone's afraid of you...

Madison notices his hand...

The right hand of the driver with a tattoo on the steering wheel.

THE DRIVER (CONT'D.)
When everyone admires you...

Madison looks around the interior...

There is no meter on the dashboard - she understands that she's not on a taxi!

CLICK - door hinges slam shut.

MADISON
(scared)
Stop the car!

The driver's tatted hand adjusts the mirror again - now we see his unshaven chin and mouth with a scar on his lower lip. Lips break into a wide smile, showing bad teeth:

THE DRIVER (CONT'D.)
When everyone jerks off to you!

The driver's foot sharply presses the gas pedal to the metal! Wheel screech...

Madison leans back...

OUTSIDE - the car confidently overtakes a couple of cars.

INT. IN THE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Madison leans towards the driver.

MADISON
(shouting)
Stop the car!

The driver's foot slams on the brake. Wheel screech...

Madison bangs her head against the back of the front seat and bounces back...

The driver's hand quickly opens the glove box, and takes out the silver Colt...

The silver barrel is directed at Madison's face...

THE DRIVER

Sit quiet or I'll blow your brains out.

Madison looks fearfully at her abductor...

The mouth with a scar smiles mischievously...

OUTSIDE - the car starts moving again.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dark street under the bridge, somewhere on the outskirts of the city. No any human around. Newspaper pages are scattered everywhere. There is a big trash can. The sounds of a big city can be heard in the distance. The car with yellow headlights appears, stops near the garbage can, and turns off the engine.

INT. IN THE CAR - NIGHT

Madison cowers in fear in the back seat. Male sniffing. The driver sits for some time with his hands on the steering wheel.

Madison looks at his hands...

His hands are on the steering wheel, on the right is a tattoo of dices.

Madison is so scared that she can't move. The driver gets outside...

MADISON'S POV - The male figure in a denim jacket, with a large sheathed dagger at his belt, approaches the back door. He spits...

Madison watches her abductor. The door opens. She shudders...

The driver peeks in through the open door. Now we see his face. He's in his 40s, wearing a red BUFFALO cap.

THE DRIVER

Hello princess. Now we meet at last. My name's Simon.

Madison presses even closer to the door.

He draws a large dagger from its sheath:

SIMON

Come on, come to me.

Madison shakes her head in fear.

He cuts the air with his dagger a few inches away from her face. Madison screams.

SIMON

Shut up! You peep I'll kill you!
Come here!

MADISON

No, no.

Simon slides the cap's peak back at one take, then grabs Madison by her legs and drags her towards him. His hands reach under her coat. He pulls off her jeans with white panties till the knees.

MADISON

(trying to get out)
No! No!

Simon shows off his dagger again:

SIMON

(angrily)
Hold still!

A beat. They look at each other. Both are pumping adrenaline. Simon abruptly flips Madison on her stomach with her back to him, pulls up her black coat...

He quickly unbuckles his belt and lowers his jeans. Then he leans on her from behind, puts the dagger to her throat, and puts his left hand on her mouth:

SIMON

Quiet, princess.

His left hand lets go of her throat and dives down... Simon fiddles for a while, lying on her back. Spit. And here follows a long languid male groan. Madison makes a short groan. A grimace of pain on her face.

Simon removes the dagger from her throat, and thrusts, accompanies each thrust with a long hoarse "ahhh" "ahhh." Madison's face shows that with every "ahhh" she gets sicker. She, in response, begins to make her "ah"s, but they are shorter and painful. Simon again puts the dagger to her throat, grips her mouth shut.

SIMON
(in her ear)
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut
up...

He thrusts in time with the words "shut up." His dagger swings near Madison's face with his movements.

Focus on Madison's face with her mouth gripped - her eyes watery, she stares at nothing. But all of a sudden...

CHESSBOARD with Petrov's adjourn move on the screen! Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Re7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Rc1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, f2, h2, Nc3, e3, Nd4, f4, a5.

Black moves: Rb7

White: Ra1

Black: Rc7

White: Na2

MADISON raises her eyebrows, makes big eyes...

CHESSBOARD. Black: Nc6

White: Nxc6

Black: Bxc6

White: Bxa6

Black: Ba4

White: Rdc1

Black: Rxc1

White: Nxc1

Black: Rxa6

White: Rxa4

Simon continues to do his nasty job. Madison is quiet, she's just waiting for him to finish.

Simon removes his hand from her mouth, puts down the dagger.

SIMON

I love you, I love you...

At this moment, there is rumble of a train passing over the bridge from above...

Simon moans with orgasm, but his moan merges with the rumble...

Madison's face abruptly disappears from the frame...

OUTSIDE - Simon pulls her legs out of the car. She falls on the wet asphalt with her jeans down.

He quickly jumps into the car, starts the engine, and drives away. All this happens to the sound of the train wheels above.

Madison watches Simon's car leaving. The train rumbles on.

Silence. Madison sits on the asphalt, breathing excitedly, trying to comprehend what happened to her. Suddenly, as if remembering something, she quickly pulls up her jeans, and quickly jumps to her feet. She runs away, wrapping herself in a coat.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

Madison enters the stage from backstage. She has a blank, distant look. Flashbulbs of journalists...

She sits down at the table. The position with the adjourn move is on a chessboard.

Petrov sits down opposite her. He takes his watch off his hand and puts it next to him. He stretches his wrist, glances briefly at Madison...

She stared at the pieces...

Petrov frowns slightly...

The arbiter opens the envelope, shows the sheet with Petrov's written move to the audience:

ARBITER

Rook b7.

Petrov holds out his hand to Madison. She shakes it without taking her eyes off the pieces.

Petrov moves: Rb7, clock, writes down the move.

Madison move: Ra1

Petrov raises his eyebrows, thinking.

IN THE HALL - Jeffrey and the seconds are also surprised.

Petrov's hand: Rc7

Madison's hand: Na2

Petrov wrinkles his forehead, leans back in his chair, fiddling with the white Pawn in his hands. He frowns, turns his head in displeasure, then bends over the board again...

Madison gives a sinister look at Petrov.

INT. MADISON'S REST AREA - DAY

A white tablet drops into a glass of water, hisses and foams...

Madison drinks from the glass while sitting on a chair in a small cozy room with sofa, table and black and white TV set. She's looking at the TV screen...

On the TV we see the stage with the chess table. Petrov sits with his head bowed over the board. In the upper left corner of the screen is a diagram with the position - Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Rc7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Ra1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, Na2, f2, h2, e3, Nd4, f4, a5.

MADISON

(mumbling)

Knight c6. Knight c6. Come on,
move. Knight c6...

TV screen. Focus on the diagram: Rb7.

Madison looks at the screen angrily and leaves quickly. (Petrov didn't go for the Madison's "rape variation" with Knight c6).

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

She sits down at the table...

Petrov is still in the same thoughtful pose over the board.
 Position - Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Rb7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6,
 g6, d5. White: Ra1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, Na2, f2, h2, e3, Nd4, f4,
 a5.

Madison moves: f3, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov: Ne6

Madison: Rdb1

Petrov shakes his head, moves: Re7

Madison: Nb4. She gives Petrov a heavy look again.

IN THE HALL - The host checks the time on his watch.

INT. PETROV'S REST AREA - DAY

Petrov sprawled on a massage chair. Two whirring things
 massage his neck. He stared at the black and white TV
 screen...

TV screen with a diagram. Black: Be8, Rc7, Nd7, Ke7, h7, a6,
 Rd6, f6, g6, Nc5, d5. White: Rb1, Bf1, Kg1, h2, Rc3, e3, f3,
 Nd4, f4, a5, Ne5. White moves: Nxd7

Petrov turns off the massagers.

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

CHESSBOARD. Black: Be8, Rc7, Ke7, h7, a6, Rd6, f6, g6, Nc5,
 d5. White: Rb1, Bf1, Kg1, h2, Rc3, e3, f3, Nd4, f4, a5, Nd7.
 Focus on the black King - Petrov's hand: Kxd7

Madison: Rb8, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov glances briefly at Madison, moves: Ne6

Madison responds with the same short glance, moves: Rxc7+
 clock, writes down the move.

Petrov takes her Rook with Knight without hesitation: Nxc7

IN THE HALL - Jeffrey dries sweat off his face...

Position on the board - Black: Be8, Nc7, Ke7, h7, a6, Rd6,
 f6, g6, d5. White: Bf1, Kf2, h2, e3, f3, Nd4, a5, f5, Rb8.

Petrov sits at the table, holding his forehead, moves: g5

Madison moves: Ke1

ON THE SCREEN with the diagram we see Madison's move Ke1

Black responds: Bb5

White: Bxb5

Black: Nxb5

White: Nxb5

Black: axb5

White: Rxb5

INT. MADISON'S REST AREA - DAY

Another effervescent tablet drops into a glass of water...

INT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. STAGE \ HALL - DAY

Madison and Petrov on the stage at the table. Two large screens with a chess diagram are on the sides of the stage. Position on the board - Black: f5, g5, Kf4. White: f3, Rh3, Kd4.

Petrov puts his watch on his wrist, moves: g4, clock, writes down the move.

Madison: fxg4, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov: fxg4, clock, writes down the move.

Madison: Rh8, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov: Kf3, clock, writes down the move.

Madison: Kd3, clock, writes down the move.

Petrov holds out his hand to her - he resigns.

Madison meets his eyes and shakes his hand. The hall bursts into applause! Petrov immediately jumps up from the table and runs backstage, almost knocking down the host with a microphone.

IN THE HALL - Jeffrey looks admiringly at his protégé:

JEFFREY

What a game. Incredible!

ON THE STAGE - Madison gets up from the table. Her attention is drawn to something in the direction of the opposite backstage...

MADISON'S POV - Petrov speaks in a raised voice with his seconds, gesticulating emotionally.

HOST
Congratulations, Miss Burke. What a brilliant game! Do you have anything to say to the audience?
(holds microphone to her face)

MADISON
Thank you.

Hall whistles.

MADISON'S POV - the audience grows cloudy and doubles.

Madison has the ringing in her ears.

HOST
(to the hall)
The score is six to seven in favor of Madison Burke!

She looks into the hall, the ringing drowns out the host's voice.

MADISON'S POV - the audience becomes completely cloudy, and...

She loses consciousness and falls to the floor...

MADISON'S UPWARDS POV - frightened Jeffrey emerges from the gloomy darkness. He leaned over her:

JEFFREY
(in muffled voice)
Call nine one one, god dammit!

The frame dims again.

INT. HOSPITAL. EXAM ROOM - DAY

A small bright office. Madison is in the gynecological chair. A female DOCTOR is between her legs.

DOCTOR
So you're saying you got dizzy and fainted?

MADISON

Yes.

DOCTOR

Haven't you gotten any injuries in the last twenty four hours? Any impacts?

MADISON

No, I said I'm just tired. I didn't sleep last night.

The doctor takes off her gloves and walks over to the table.

DOCTOR

Miss Burke, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. You can trust me. Let me collect the evidence?

MADISON

What evidence?

DOCTOR

Your hymen is torn and your vaginal wall is damaged. These injuries are typical...

Madison jumps down from the chair and quickly rushes out of the office.

DOCTOR

Miss Burke, wait!

INT. HOSPITAL. OUTSIDE THE EXAM ROOM - DAY

Jeffrey and John are sitting on chairs outside the exam room. Madison pops out of the room and rushes past them. The men revive. John gets up and runs after her. Jeffrey goes to the door, knocks timidly and opens it...

INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - DAY

Madison walks quickly down the hallway. John is chasing her.

JOHN

Hey!

MADISON

(keeps going)
I need fresh air.

JOHN
Wait! What she said?

MADISON
Why was I brought here? I'm okay. I
just wanna sleep. Where is my
purse?

JOHN
Jeffrey's got it.

MADISON
Where is Jeffrey? Look, I need to
smoke or I'll kill somebody.

John smiles and reaches into his jacket pocket.

JOHN
Not me.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes. She takes one.

MADISON
How are you here?!

JOHN
I watch news.
(nods at the cigarette in
her mouth)
Not here, please.

MADISON
Didn't know you smoke.

JOHN
You're lucky. I'm quitting next
Monday.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL - DAY

John and Madison stand outside the hospital entrance door.
She smokes a cigarette and wraps herself in a coat.

MADISON
So I'm in a serious scandal?

JOHN
Well, defeat Petrov, and everyone
will forget that you once fainted.
So what happened to you, Miss
Burke?

MADISON

Just a fatigue. General exhaustion.

JOHN

"General exhaustion"? That doctor said that?

MADISON

Yes.

JOHN

Well you have to take care of yourself, carrot. The future World Champion must radiate the strength of mind and body.

MADISON

Do you think I can do it?

JOHN

Sure. Do you still have doubts?

MADISON

Don't know. It's still Petrov. I really pissed him off today.

JOHN

Oh yeah, my congratulations. Finally you're conscious and I can tell you that.

A GIRL comes up to them with a big smile:

GIRL

Excuse me, are you Madison Burke?

Madison glances at her, nods.

GIRL

May I have your autograph please? I am your big fan. My husband too. We both follow your every game.

Madison nods, agreeing for autograph, takes a puff. The girl takes out a notepad with a pen from her purse and hands them to Madison.

GIRL

You are so smart.

John smiles.

GIRL

Right here, please. "For Caylee and Bob Smith from Madison Burke"! C-A-Y-L-E-E.

Madison frowns, scribbling on the notepad. The cigarette pressed between her lips. Then she hands back the notepad and pen to the girl.

GIRL

Thank you Madison! My husband will be happy. When is your next game? You're playin' in New York, right?

MADISON

Yeah. Thursday. Empire State.

GIRL

We will definitely come. Good luck with that Russian. Go America!

Madison nods at her with a fake smile. The girl leaves.

JOHN

That. Is. The. Fame. I can't even imagine what's gonna be when you defeat "that Russian".

Madison grimaces contemptuously, takes a puff.

MADISON

Where is Jeffrey? How long do we have to wait for him?

JOHN

Look, you don't have to go back to that damn hotel. You can stay with me. I live in Manhattan. I can drive you to Empire anytime you want.

MADISON

No. I have to focus on the match. Nthing should distract me. Thanks for the offer though.

She wraps herself in a coat. A beat.

JOHN

(to the side)
And here is Jeff.

Jeffrey comes out of the hospital entrance door with a grim look on his face.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM - DAY

Madison, in her coat, flops down on the bed. Spreads out her arms to the side, and sighs in relief.

MADISON

Oh Gosh. I'll be sleeping for eternity. Should I offer you coffee?

Jeffrey stands timidly in the room.

JEFFREY

Why didn't you tell me?

MADISON

What I didn't tell you?

JEFFREY

That you were raped?

MADISON

Oh shit.

JEFFREY

It was John?

She rises fast from the bed:

MADISON

What?! No! Not him!

JEFFREY

Then who did it? Can you make a sketch?

MADISON

That bitch told you?

She lazily takes off her boots.

JEFFREY

Maddy, do you hear me?

MADISON

I do.

JEFFREY

She said you have an injury... there. She said it's recent. When the hell did this happen, Maddy?

She gets up from the bed and goes to the table with the electric kettle. Pushes the button on.

MADISON

Last night

JEFFREY

Last night?!

MADISON

Yeah. Last night after we talked on the phone, I went to your hotel and got into the wrong car...

JEFFREY

What the hell for you went to me last night?! Are you crazy?!

MADISON

You know I hate playing with myself. I needed a partner.
(chuckles)

She takes off her coat and hands it to him.

JEFFREY

And this morning you just came to play like nothing happened...

MADISON

I'm fine! Okay? Can you cut this... drama? I can play. I won, if you may remember. Let's better discuss how I will defend against Petrov. He'll be playing for white.

JEFFREY

You could've been killed yesterday.

MADISON

Two sugars, right?

Jeffrey reaches into his pocket and takes a single pill blister.

JEFFREY

She asked me to tell you to take this pill.

MADISON

(frowns)
What for?

JEFFREY

From pregnancy.

MADISON
Okay. I will.

JEFFREY
Take it now, before you forget.

MADISON
I won't forget.

JEFFREY
Madz!

MADISON
Okay, okay!

She takes the blister, pops out the pill, puts it in her mouth, swallows it and shows Jeffery her tounge:

MADISON
Happy?

She fills a glass with water and drinks.

JEFFREY
You're like a child.

MADISON
If that pussy doctor tells the press, I'll sue her ass, I swear to God.

JEFFREY
She won't say anything. And stop swearing. This is not appropriate.

Madison barely lifts an eyebrow. She takes the coat from his hands and goes to the hanger.

JEFFREY
You must go to police.

MADISON
Only after I become a Champion.
(beat)
Promise me you won't tell anyone.
Let me beat Petrov. We will solve other problems later, okay?

JEFFREY
Okay.

MADISON
Don't say anything to John either.

JEFFREY

I never meant to.

She collapses onto the bed again, face down.

JEFFREY

Whatever. I'll come tomorrow at the same time.

Madison shows her thumb up.

JEFFREY

Congratulations on your victory.

He leaves.

Madison lies motionless on the bed. The boiled kettle clicks off. The sound of a closing door.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM - NIGHT

The view of millions lights of New York at night from the room's window. Doorbell.

Madison sleeps on the bed in the same clothes. Another bell. She begins to stretch, opens her eyes - she's remembering where she is. Doorbell again. She gets up from the bed...

She opens the door. The warm yellowish light from the hotel hallway hits her face. She frowns slightly.

The concierge stands at the door with a basket of roses. He smiles silly, peeking out from behind the flowers:

CONCIERGE

Good evening Miss Burke. I'm sorry to bother you at this late hour. I'm here for some kind of occasion. Somedody sent you these amazing roses yesterday. Remember last night I told you about them? So, they, poor things, stood by me all day waiting for their addressee. And there would never be any propblem, but my allergy broke out.
(sniffles)

Woe is me. Let me hand them over now. I didn't dare to bring them to your room without your presence, and now I see that it is not the right time. You must've been sleeping...

Madison invites him in with a nod, and turns on the light in the room.

CONCIERGE

Thank you. And again, sorry for disturbing.

He enters the room and puts the basket on the bedside table. He fixes his uniform. Looking down at the roses:

CONCIERGE

How charming.
(sniffles)

Madison gives him a "one minute" gesture and begins to rummage through her purse. She takes out ten bucks.

CONCIERGE

(with mock embarrassment)
Ah, you shouldn't have bother.
Thank you.
(takes money)
It's an honor to serve you, Miss Burke. If you want something, just let me know.

Madison nods yawning.

CONCIERGE

Good night, Miss Burke.

He leaves, but turns back at the door:

CONCIERGE

(joyfully shaking his fist)
Go America!

He closes the door after himself.

Madison looks at the roses, notices a white envelope in them. "Simon" is written on it.

She opens the envelope - there is a polaroid photo, the white back side towards her. It says "See you soon princess"

Madison turns the photo so that it faces her and immediately looks away (yes, it's a picture of Simon's genitals). She shoves the photo back into the envelope and throws it away.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. MADISON'S ROOM. SHOWER - NIGHT

Madison takes a shower. She exposes her face to the jets of water.

FLASHBACK: The hand with a tattoo of dices on the steering wheel.

Madison massages her neck under the jets of water.

FLASHBACK: The smiling mouth with a scar on the lower lip reflected in the rear-view mirror.

Madison rubs her temples.

FLASHBACK: MADISON'S POV - The male figure in a denim jacket, with a large sheathed dagger at his belt, approaches the back door.

Madison washes her face.

FLASHBACK: Simon's car leaves. We can clearly see the license plate on the rear bumper "NJ 177-KL"

Madison runs her fingers through her massive wet hair.

FLASHBACK: Uncle Roger takes by "en passant" the black pawn with his white pawn.

Madison opens her eyes abruptly. Turns off the shower. For a couple of seconds she stares fearfully at nothing, then comes back to senses, and wipes her face with a towel.

EXT. BACKYARD OF UNCLE ROGER'S HOUSE - DAY

Sunny summer day. Country music plays softly from the stereo. A spattered American flag hangs on a whitish wooden wall.

Maddy sits at the old wooden table, painted white, and diligently draws on paper with colored pencils.

We see her drawing - Two men, one in a cowboy hat.

BILL

So, are you ready to surprise Uncle Roger?

Maddy nods.

ROGER
 Nothin' surprises Uncle Roger
 anymore.
 (burps)

Now we see the backyard - it's a lawn littered with various rubbish, but looks cozy anyway. White table in the center. Roger with a cowboy hat on is lounging at the table next to Maddy. He drinks beer. Near the table is Bill, also with a bottle of beer in his hand. Bill takes a newspaper from the table and hands it to Roger:

BILL
 Take, read aloud any paragraph from
 newspaper.

ROGER
 Any?

BILL
 Yep.

ROGER
 (clears throat, reads)
 "A South Korean freighter set
 aflame by two Iraqi missiles in the
 Persian Gulf appeared to be sinking
 Monday and Seoul considered
 becoming the second government to
 ban its vessels from most Iranian
 ports in the waterway" That's
 enough?

Maddy rolls her eyes.

MADDY
 A South Korean freighter set aflame
 by two Iraqi missiles in the
 Persian Gulf appeared to be sinking
 Monday and Seoul considered
 becoming the second government to
 ban its vessels from most Iranian
 ports in the waterway.

ROGER
 Wait. She memorized it all?

BILL
 Yes.

ROGER

No way!

(reads)

"The United States sent its formal acceptance Tuesday to a Kremlin proposal for talks this fall on banning military weapons in space but pressed for a resumption of nuclear missile negotiations at the same time."

Maddy rolls her eyes.

MADDY

The United States sent its formal acceptance Tuesday to a Kremlin proposal for talks this fall on banning military weapons in space but pressed for a resumption of nuclear missile negotiations at the same time.

While Maddy repeats, Roger checks the text against the newspaper.

ROGER

Get out! You're kiddin' me!

Maddy and Bill smile at each other.

ROGER

(flips through the newspaper)

How about this...

(reads)

"Phobias begin early. Do you still sleep with a night light on? Is your terror of heights so severe that wearing high heels is unthinkable? Fear of the dark and other phobias may begin in a logical place - the womb, says physiologist Thomas...

(has trouble pronouncing the last name)

...Brou-chard in the July issue of Cosmopolitan. Brouchard who teaches at University of Minnesota is studying identical twins who have been raised apart and his early finding suggest that fear and many other personality traits are inherited rather than learned."

Maddy rolls her eyes.

MADDY

Phobias begin early. Do you still sleep with a night light on? Is your terror of heights so severe that wearing high heels is unthinkable? Fear of the dark and other phobias may begin in a logical place - the womb, says physiologist Thomas Bouchard in the July issue of Cosmopolitan. Bouchard who teaches at University of Minnesota is studying identical twins who have been raised apart and his early finding suggest that fear and many other personality traits are inherited rather than learned.

ROGER

(looks up from the newspaper)
That's crazy.

MADDY

I can retell it backwards.
(rolls eyes)
Learned than rather inherited are traits personality other many and fear that suggest finding early his and apart raised been have who twins identical studying is Minnesota of University...

BILL

Okay, Maddy, that's enough.

Roger sits with his mouth open.

MADDY

I can also rearrange the words and letters too.

ROGER

Holy sh... How much can you memorize like this?

MADDY

A lot.

BILL

Phenomenal memory. She remembers anything she saw and heard.

Roger gets up from his chair, begins to walk around the backyard with a business-like puzzled look.

ROGER
Memory hmm... listen, maybe she's also cool in something else? Math, huh? Do you like math?

MADDY
I hate it.

ROGER
Physics?

MADDY
No.

ROGER
What is your favorite subject at school?

MADDY
Music.

Roger scratches his forehead.

ROGER
Music... Do you play any instrument?

She shakes her head.

MADDY
Dad promised to buy a piano.

Bill shrugs.

ROGER
Piano? Hmm... well, okay. We need to think about where you can apply your talent.

BILL
Roger, she doesn't have to apply her talent anywhere. At least not in the way you intended. I'm not going to make money off my daughter. She's not a circus monkey. I already regret showing you her ability.

ROGER
Chess! Can you play chess?

MADDY

No.

ROGER

Oh, I'll definitely show you this game. I'll teach you how to play.

BILL

Stop, Roger! I won't let her gamble.

ROGER

Chess is not gambling. Everyone plays it. It's a real sport. What's wrong with her becoming an athlete? Hey, do you want to be an athlete?

Maddy shrugs.

ROGER

Don't worry, kiddo. Uncle Roger won't teach you bad things.
(winks at her)

EXT. NEW YORK. STREET - DAY

John is standing on the sidewalk with an unfolded newspaper in his hands...

There is an article: "PETROV TAKES TIME-OUT!"

JOHN

(reads)

"Mikhail Petrov asked the chess federation to grant him a week-long time-out. The reason for this decision is 'psycho-emotional trauma after the shooting experience'" What the hell?!

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY - DAY

Madison signs the papers at the reception counter. Confused concierge is nearby:

CONCIERGE

Oh Miss Burke. It's such a pity that you leave.

MADISON

Yeah, I have to.

CONCIERGE

But why? I hope our hotel didn't disappoint you?

MADISON

No. The hotel is amazing. My plans has changed.

CONCIERGE

This morning, Mr. O'Neil extended your stay at the hotel by a full week. Maybe you'll change your mind?

MADISON

Very nice of him, but no.

She puts down her pen and wants to leave.

CONCIERGE

Miss Burke, just a moment. There are flowers for you.

He takes out a bouquet of roses from under the counter.

Madison looks warily at the bouquet:

MADISON

From who?

CONCIERGE

Anonymous. There's a note.

Madison incredulously takes the flowers, pulls out the note. She looks at it, and then sighs with relief...

It says: "Congratulations on your first win. Your Sammy."

MADISON

Goodbye.

She puts the bouquet back on the counter and leaves.

CONCIERGE

(after her)
But flowers...

He sniffles.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a spacious loft apartment, with bare brick walls. Madison walks into the living room, looks around.

John enters after her with a large bag in his hands.

JOHN

Well, here is my bachelor's cave.
Your room is upstairs. I'll take
your things there. You can...

MADISON

(interrupts)

John, thank you for having me. But
I should have gone back to Boston
with Jeffrey.

JOHN

Bullcrap! By the way it's too late.
I'm not dragging your stuff back
downstairs. So make yourself at
home, Champ.

MADISON

Thank you.

John goes up with her bag to the "second floor" of the loft
(the upper tier of the room is reserved for the bedroom).

Meanwhile, she looks around the living room - sees a piano.
She approaches it and tries the keys. The piano makes soft
sounds.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - EVENING

We are somewhere in the outskirts of New Jersey. Cold gray
landscape. The car is moving on a dirt road. It drives up to
a lonely decrepit house. The light is on in the window. We
see the rear number plate: "NJ-177 KL"...

The car is driven by an OLD MAN, with a stern, wrinkled face.

He gets out of the car and crawls towards the house,
muttering angrily under his breath. He enters the house. For
a while we hear the muffled, unintelligible swearing of two
male voices, then the door of the house opens and Simon comes
out of there. He wraps himself in his denim jacket and walks
away...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Madison and John are having dinner at the table. They eat in
silence for a while.

JOHN

Don't think it's a date.

She smiles slightly.

JOHN

Do you regret leaving the hotel?
There is definitely better food.

MADISON

No, it's very tasty. You are good
cook.

JOHN

Frankly, I'm glad you got out of
there. You know, we're on to
Senator McKinley right now. He's a
real piece of... You must've heard
about the mysterious death of
actress Ava Goewer in the O'Neil
Sesame room? Well, there are rumors
that it was McKinley who raped and
killed her. And not alone. He did
it with the owner of this hotel,
Sam O'Neil. How do you like that,
huh?

Madison calmly shoves the fork with asparagus into her mouth.

JOHN

Listen, this O'Neil, he sponsors
chess tournaments, right? Have you
ever met him?

MADISON

Yes. A couple of times.

JOHN

Do you think he could do it?

MADISON

He doesn't look like a murderer.

JOHN

What do they say about him in your
chess community? Maybe you heard
something?

MADISON

Well, he...

The mobile phone's ringtone interrupts her!

Madison abruptly leaves the table. John looks at her in
surprise...

She approaches her purse on the dresser and takes the mobile phone out of it...

JOHN'S POV - Madison walks to the stairs to the second floor, speaking on the phone. We can't hear her.

John remains confused...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Madison's feet descend the stairs...

John looks bore at the table...

She sits down at the table. Looks anxious. A beat.

JOHN
Something happened?

MADISON
Hm? No. My second called. He suggested an interesting variant with an isolated pawn.

JOHN
Look, man, it's none of my business, but I think you need to take a break from chess. Your Petrov is having fun with teen masseuses somewhere in Korea or where the hell he is right now! Whatever. Maybe you should use this break to your advantage as well? For example, don't play chess. At all.

She stares thoughtfully at nothing.

JOHN
Relax. You are winning.

INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Small filthy room. The old man sits in a chair, watching TV. Nearby, the yellow rotary phone rings. He picks up the phone.

OLD MAN
Yes.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Good afternoon, may I speak to Mr. Robert Collins?

OLD MAN

It's me.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Very nice. I'm a representative of the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles. I'm authorized to notify you that you have been issued a speeding ticket. How would it be more convenient for you to pay it? By receipt or in person at the police station?

OLD MAN

What? I wasn't speeding anything. You got it wrong, lady.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

February, twenty-fourth, at three twenty in the morning, you broke the speed limit on twenty-sixth avenue. We got the license plate on your car 'NJ one seven seven KL'

OLD MAN

Wait. No, it's... Dammit! It must of been my son. What a bastard! I told him not to take my car!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Can you tell me how to contact him, please?

EXT. NEW YORK. STREET - DAY

Madison in a phone booth with a telephone receiver in her hand:

MADISON

Is this his address?

(rolls eyes)

Okay, thank you. Sorry to bother you. Have a nice day.

She hangs up.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Taxi stops near the sidewalk. Madison gets out. She looks at the building. This is a large residential block made of brick, decorated with iron stairs.

Madison pulls her scarf over her nose, puts the shades on and walks towards the building.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK. HALLWAY - DAY

It's a narrow dark hallway with apartment doors at the both sides of it. It's dark in here. The sounds of the inhabitants of the apartments are heard: swearing mixed with TV commercials. Madison walks carefully down the hallway, peering at the numbers on the doors.

"B8"

She stops at this door. She looks around - there is no one in here but her. She brings her hand to her face, clenching her fingers into a fist, warming them with her breath, thinking "knock or not?" She brings her fist to the door but... unclenches her fingers...

She's visably worried. Breathing heavily...

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK. HALLWAY - DAY

The door "B8" opens and Simon comes out! Dressed in a denim jacket, with a red baseball cap on. He closes the door, takes out a ringing bunch of keys, but suddenly freezes...

He sniffs the air - it smells of something very familiar!

He looks around suspiciously - the empty hollway. He sniffs the air again, now his mouth curls into some kind of a smile.

Simon walks slowly down the hallway, sniffing the air, fiddling with the bunch of keys.

SIMON'S POV - the empty hallway, the elevator with an open door is ahead...

Simon walks up to the elevator, looks around...

The door marked "SERVICE ROOM" is slightly ajar...

He carefully opens the door...

SIMON'S POV - an empty dark closet with mops and buckets...

He looks around the closet, smirks...

Simon enters the elevator, shakes his head - "am I going crazy?!"

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Simon exits the building and walks quickly down the sidewalk.

Madison appears behind his back in the distance. She's watching him.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A chessboard on the table - White: Ra1, Rf1, Kg1, h2, a3, Qc3, Be3, f3, g3, c4, e4, b5. Black: Ra8, Re8, Kg8, a7, b7, Qe7, f7, g7, Be6, h6, c5. Next to the board is an ashtray with a pile of cigarette butts...

Madison looks out the window, frozen in one pose. In her hand she has a cigarette that has smouldered to the filter.

JOHN (O.S.)

Maddy?

She doesn't react.

JOHN

Maddy!

MADISON

Hm?

JOHN

Are you all right? You've been standing like this for an hour.

She comes to her senses, notices her cigarette.

John puts on his coat.

JOHN

I need to leave, sorry. McKinley showed up with a prostitute at a hotel. Sensational stuff. Can't miss, you know?

Madison nods.

JOHN

I made dinner.

She nods again.

JOHN

Good night.

He leaves.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The entrance door on the screen. Three knocks on the door. Then three knocks again.

Simon, grumbling, goes to the door, looks through the peephole. A beat. Three knocks. He resolutely opens the door... it's Madison! They look at each other in fear.

MADISON

May I come in?

He steps aside. She enters the apartment. He closes the door and immediately pounces on her! Presses her against the wall, clamps her mouth and begins to quickly frisk her. Then let her go. She breathes frightened, but pulls herself together:

MADISON

I don't have any wires on me. You think police sent me here?

SIMON

How did you find me?

MADISON

I memorized your car's plate.

SIMON

What?

MADISON

I'm on good terms with cops. They ran your license plate. Or rather, your father's. I called him and he said where you live.

SIMON

You seem to be completely nut if you showed up here. What do you want? My apology?

MADISON

No. Actually, I'm grateful to you. You helped me with something. But I can't explain it. It's still not clear to me how it works.

SIMON

What are you talking about?

MADISON

You said you were following the match.

SIMON

Yes. I'm your fan. Look...

He makes a gesture, offering to look around his lair...

The wall stuffed with all sorts of newspaper clippings with Madison.

SIMON

I've been watching you for a long time, princess.

(giggles)

Come closer. Don't be afraid. Here I have your whole life.

She carefully examines the clippings...

There's all of her successes, from junior times to the present: "PRODIGY GIRL FROM KANSAS...", "MADISON BURKE - US CHAMPION... AGAIN!", "DARK HORSE OF THE CANDIDATES..."

Simon lights a cigarette...

SIMON

My favorite photo from the "64" magazine. I masturbate to it every day.

The medium size photo of Madison. She's depicted in full height, in a black jacket, black skirt, with slender legs in flesh-colored tights. (Nothing special)

Madison frowns and wants to step away from the wall, but suddenly something grabs her attention again...

The tiny clipping: "TORNADO KILLED WOMAN, KANSAS, 1982"

Madison frowns even more peering at the clipping.

SIMON

You like it, huh?

She moves away from the wall, looks around the room...

A black and white TV, an ancient sofa, an ironing board with a crumpled shirt and a metal iron on it.

SIMON

You know, we've met before. Cleveland ninety-one. US Women's Championship. Remember, you signed the board for me?

FLASHBACK: Clean-shaven smiling Simon with long black hair and a scar on his lip, holds out a chessboard. Young Madison takes the board with a smile and signs it.

MADISON
I don't remember.

SIMON
You remember everything, princess.
By the way, here it is.

He climbs into a pile of rubbish, takes out the chessboard.

SIMON
Here is your signature. Do you
recognize it?

She takes the board with her autograph. Looks at it for a while, but suddenly:

MADISON
Let's cut to the chase.

She hands him the board and begins to unbutton her coat:

MADISON
I want you to do exactly the same
as the last time. Rough. But,
please, no vagina. You damaged it.
Other place. I have condoms...

She takes a silver pack out of her jeans pocket and places it on the chessboard as if it's a tray in Simon's hands. Then she quickly takes off her sweater, sits down on the sofa, and pulls off his jeans.

SIMON
What?

MADISON
You can even beat me. But don't
overdo. So are you ready?

She immediately takes off her bra, then her panties...she gets up from the sofa and makes a spin demonstrating her gorgeous naked body.

Simon steps aside thoughtfully, puts the chessboard on the ironing board.

SIMON
You're crazy.

MADISON

Says the guy who jerks off to chess
magazines.

Simon stares at his wall with clippings, takes a puff...

Madison sighs wearily and gets up from the sofa. She comes up to Simon from behind, and begins to caress him awkwardly.

MADISON

Tomorrow I can win the match. I
need adrenaline. My brain works
better. Help me.

She touches his groin. He doesn't respond.

She sighs, goes to pick up her clothes, but suddenly... He snaps his cigarette away, grabs Madison by her hair and presses her against the wall - several clippings are tearing off the wall!

He roughly grabs her by the face and kisses on her lips. He licks her face like a dog. Madison is disgusted, but she bears. He kisses and bites her neck, shoulders, then licks her breasts, goes lower - licks her stomach.

Madison is breathing heavily. She's not here, but somewhere in her own world...

Simon is already at her feet... he licks her shin, lolling greedily... then goes a little higher... bites her snow-white thigh. She winces...

Now he puts his tongue in Madison's mouth, unzips his jeans...

She hugs him tighter. Simon sniffs, burying his face in her thick curly hair...

SIMON

I love you... I love you...

He cums without even really starting. Madison feels that Simon is done. This brings her back from her dreamworld...

Simon falls prone to the floor, freezes. Madison's confused and disappointed. She looks down at him in sort of offense.

SIMON

Get out.

She cautiously moves away from the wall and goes to her clothes. But the expression of resentment is immediately replacing by the expression of anger.

SIMON

Get out.

She looks angrily at the crouching Simon, and she seems to be illuminated by the idea... She looks away...

The ironing board with the iron...

She sneaks up to the board, takes the iron...

Meanwhile, Simon slowly gets up from the floor, turns around...

FIRST PERSON'S POV - she HITS the viewer (Simon) with the iron...

MADISON AND PETROV shake hands at the chess table. Petrov moves e4 for White and clicks the clock...

THE HAND WITH THE IRON flashes in the frame. Spatters of blood.

PETROV shakes his head, resting his face in his hands...

THE HAND WITH THE IRON flashes in the frame. Spatters of blood.

UNCLE ROGER puts a cowboy hat on Maddy's head. Both are laughing...

MADISON sits on top of Simon and hits him mercilessly in the face with the iron. His blood spattered her face and naked body.

PETROV makes the last move, shakes Madison's hand. Then he leans back in his chair, clutching his face.

IN THE HALL - John and Jeffrey joyfully jump up from their seats!

Madison looks out into the hall. Flashbulbs...

THE HAND WITH THE IRON flashes in the frame. Spatters of blood.

MADISON is on the stage. They hang a huge laurel wreath around her neck. She waves into the hall with a smile.

BLOODY MADISON throws the iron away. Takes a breath...

THE FACE of little Maddy...

The bunny with button eyes...

JOHN AND JEFFREY applaud in the hall among the audience...

Petrov applauds restrainedly on the stage...

Madison waves to the hall with the laurel wreath around her neck. She is handed a huge check for a million dollars.

BLOODY MADISON is panting, she gives us viewers a sinister look.

INT. LETTERMAN'S SHOW - EVENING

The studio of the Late Night Show with David Letterman.
LETTERMAN is at his desk:

LETTERMAN

So, our next guest is... oh yeah,
Paul, can you play chess?

PAUL Shaffer with shades on, stands at the electric piano
with his band behind his back:

PAUL

Not much.

LETTERMAN

Do you know the pieces? White,
black? Do you know how to play?

PAUL

I can play these white and black.

Points to the piano keys.

LETTERMAN

I see.

Quiet laughter in the audience.

LETTERMAN

But our next guest plays chess
better than anyone else in the
world. Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome - two times US champion and
the new world chess champion.
Brilliant, incredible Madison
Burke!

Paul's band starts playing "Gimme Some Lovin" by The Spencer
Davis Group as Madison Burke comes out. She wears her usual
black jacket, black skirt, nylon tights, and black shoes. Her
hair became longer and more unruly. She smiles to the
audience, bows and walks towards Letterman.

He meets her, gallantly shakes her hand. Then she sits down in a chair. Letterman sits back at the table. The band finishes the song. The audience applauds.

LETTERMAN

This is for you.

Madison nods gratefully with a radiant smile. The applause subsides.

LETTERMAN

First of all, you look amazing.

MADISON

(blushes)

Thank you.

She flips a black curly cap of her hair to the other side.

LETTERMAN

Do you like New York? You're from Kansas, right?

MADISON

Yes, I'm a Kansas girl, but I've lived in Boston for the last ten years. And New York is beautiful as always. By the way, I won my very first professional title in New York.

LETTERMAN

New York is a good influence on you.

MADISON

Definitely.

The audience applauds.

LETTERMAN

How old are you?

MADISON

I turned twenty-two last March.

LETTERMAN

How old you were when you started to play chess?

MADISON

Nine years old.

LETTERMAN

Is it early or late?

MADISON

It's fine. In fact, the age at which you start playing chess is not so important. Much more important whether you understand this game or not.

LETTERMAN

Tell me, can I still become a chess player?

MADISON

As a professional one?

LETTERMAN

Yes.

MADISON

(flirting)

Well, why not? If you spend all your time on theory, hire a good coach and will be playing every day, then who knows? Maybe you're even better than me...

LETTERMAN

I doubt. But thanks.

Laughter in the audience.

LETTERMAN

It's nice when someone believes in you. Isn't it?

Madison smiles. She shines like never before.

LETTERMAN

Was it hard to beat Petrov?

MADISON

Not easy.

LETTERMAN

He dominated chess for a long time...

MADISON

Yeah, twelve years.

LETTERMAN

Wow. And no one could beat this guy?

MADISON

Well, in the match for the world championship, no one. But I did.

LETTERMAN

I bet he was upset.

Madison makes a pitiful expression and wipes imaginary tears.

LETTERMAN

The President recently awarded you the Congressional Gold Medal.

He puts the photo on the table: Bill Clinton hands a black box with the medal to Madison. Applause.

MADISON

Yes, I'm very honored to receive this award. Mr. President invited me to the oval office to congratulate me personally.

LETTERMAN

Fantastic. Did you like the office?

MADISON

Yeah, it's pretty cute.

LETTERMAN

Nice. You are preparing now...
(looks at his card)
to "the match against the super-computer called BINOM" - did I read it correctly? What it is? Tell us, please.

MADISON

Yes, I'll be playing against BINOM, the chess program by Cybernet X. It's the strongest chess engine to date. And, of course, they wanted to test it on me.

LETTERMAN

How nice of them. Will it be one game or several?

MADISON

There will be six games of
classical chess. We'll play in
Silicon Valley, this September.

LETTERMAN

Hmm. So you agreed because you
don't have a worthy rival among
living people anymore?

MADISON

Well, I got paid well.

LETTERMAN

Oh, I see.

Laughter in the audience.

LETTERMAN

Has anyone else played against this
computer before you?

MADISON

Yes, Petrov. Two years ago. He won.
I got the improved version.

LETTERMAN

Well, we wish you good luck, ma'am.

He and the audience applaude. Madison smiles.

LETTERMAN

You are a miss, right?

MADISON

Miss, yes.
(blushes)

LETTERMAN

(to the camera)
Well we'll be back after
commercial. Madison Burke, ladies
and gentlemen!

The band starts playing cheerful music. Madison smiles.

LETTERMAN

(back to Madison)
You have killer legs.

She blushes and mouths "thank you".

EXT. SIMULTANEOUS GAME SESSION #1 - DAY

The music continues to play offscreen. Few chess tables are arranged in two lines. There are many spectators around. Madison checkmates and shakes hands with an opponent, then goes to the next table, checkmates again, shakes hands with another chess player. She smiles. Flashbulbs.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
There's a real chess boom in the country. And it's all because of this woman...

EXT. REPORT #1 - DAY

Fans take pictures with Madison Burke against the stand. The whole stand is covered by "O'NEIL Foundation" tables.

A MALE FAN shows up on the screen:

MALE FAN
I love her!

Then a FEMALE FAN appears:

FEMALE FAN
Maddy is the best! Go America!

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Madison, in a black bikini and stilettos, sits on the floor, elegantly wrapped her legs around the large black pawn. She smiles blindingly to the photographer's camera. The ventilator blows her hair. Flashbulbs.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

John hugs Madison on the couch. She smokes. Jeffrey walks beside them with paper sheets in his hands:

JEFFREY
(looks at sheet)
Playboy magazine wants to interview you and offers a whole photoshoot.

MADISON
I won't be shooting naked.

JEFFREY
Women's World Cup?

MADISON
I don't play with women anymore.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Madison leaves the night club accompanied by two girls. She is wearing a silver tight dress, high heels. She covers her face with a small white purse from paparazzi flashes...

A TABLOID NEWSPAPER - Madison Burke in the silver dress on the front page. Headline: "GIRL JUST WANTS TO HAVE FUN"...

EXT. REPORT #2 - DAY

An extravahanza, curly-haired chess player HENRY, 35, is on the screen. The title at the bottom of the screen: "Jean-Pierre HENRY, grandmaster. France"

HENRY
(with French accent)
Madison Burke is a walking scandal!
I don't understand why she should
play against BINOM? She doesn't
even have the highest rating!
Petrov is the best chess player!
Time will tell that Burke's
championship is just a ridiculous
accident.

INT. ROSIE O'DONELL SHOW - EVENING

The studio of the Rosie O'Donell show. ROSIE is at the table. Madison next to her in a chair. She's wearing a formal black pantsuit.

ROSIE
How do you deal with your haters?
(to the audience)
Yes, I can't believe that too, she
has haters!

The audience boos in support of the champion. Madison smiles shyly.

MADISON
Well, to be honest, I enjoy it. I
feed on their hate. It gives me
strength to win.

ROSIE
That's my girl!

She gives Madison a high-fives. The audience is cheering.

EXT. REPORT #3 - DAY

A mime in a striped T-shirt grimaces in front of the camera on the street. He holds a card in his hands, which says: "Welcome to MONTREAL"

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
Another victory for Madison Burke.
This time in Canada Open.

INT. REPORT №3. HALL - DAY

Madison and a swarthy, thin guy are sitting at the chess table - this is Ali HEKMATYAR, 26. He shakes his head frantically, offers his hand to Madison. She quickly shakes his hand and leaves the table.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In the last round, the world
champion defeated her longtime
rival of the Candidates Tournament
Ali Hekmatyar.

That swarthy guy appears on the screen. The title at the bottom: "Ali HEKMATYAR, grandmaster. Germany"

HEKMATYAR
I made a couple of blunders. She
took advantage of it. That's all.
Congratulations.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED COVER - Madison in a swimsuit on the sunny beach.

ROLLING STONE COVER - Madison in an evening dress at the chessboard.

ESQUIRE COVER - close-up of Madison's face. The headline: "SENSATION"

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We're back at John's apartment. Madison and John are still there on the couch. Jeffrey with a sly smile looks at the paper sheet:

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

And this is my favorite...

(reads)

"The mentalist, parapsychologist Guri invites Miss Burke to play against the spirit of Paul Murphy. The famous medium will grant his body to the dead chess genius as a provider. Before the game, Miss Burke will be able to personally check the room in which the seance will be held for the presence of wires and other cheating devices, thereby making sure that she is not being deceived."

JOHN

It's a joke?

MADISON

How much will he pay?

JEFFREY

Oh come on, Maddy! He's a charlatan. You shouldn't deal with him.

MADISON

Tell me the price.

Jeffrey shows her the sheet. She peers into it:

MADISON

No. He should find another fool.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - EVENING

There are a huge amount of people here. A true national game at its best! A man in jacket, standing on a green playing field, announces into the microphone to the entire stadium:

MAN IN JACKET

Let's make some noise! Madison Burke!

The stadium explodes with applause. Madison comes out from under the bleachers, dressed in a Kansas Jayhawks uniform - blue socks, blue cap. She goes to the field, smiling radiantly, waving to cheering people...

She throws the ball. It flies straight into the catcher's glove! The stadium explodes with applause again. Flashbulbs. Madison jumps with joy. The catcher hugs her.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

The same photo studio. Madison is in the same bikini outfit poses with the large piece of black King. It is as tall as her. She tilts it slightly to the side. Flashbulbs.

The photographer is doing his job...

The black King lies on the floor. Madison placed her stiletto on the fallen King. Flashbulbs.

EXT. NEW YORK. BROADWAY - EVENING

Madison Burke photo appears in star-striped American colors on a huge screen on a skyscraper. Caption: "NATIONAL TREASURE"

A little girl, 6, happily points her finger at the screen, holding the chessboard. Her mother leans over to her, and also stares admiringly at Madison.

The big eyes of the girl reflect the sea of lights of New York and the image of her idol - Madison Burke. The offscreen music finishes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hundreds headlights float along the highway at night...

FIRST PERSON'S POV - a pickup truck stops in front of us, the viewer. The driver, THOMAS, 45, looks out through the open window of the passenger door towards us:

THOMAS

Where are you headin'? I can give
ya a lift to Palo Alto.

INT. CYBERNET X. OFFICE - DAY

Large office with huge windows overlooking the city. There are few guests here: representatives of Cybernet X company, a couple of reporters and Jeffrey - they are sitting in chairs a few feet away the table with a chessboard - bizarre looking chess pieces are made of ivory, which is very out of harmony with the pretentious office interior.

At the chessboard is an OPERATOR, 45, with a horn-rimmed glasses. The big computer monitor and a keyboard on the right hand of the operator. Opposite him - Madison - plays for black. She holds her head, staring at the board.

Position on the board - Black: Ra8, Rc8, Qd8, Ne8, Bf8, Kg8, Bd7, f7, g7, a6, h6, b5, e5, c4. White: Ra1, Kg1, Bc2, Qf2, g2, Ra3, c3, Be3, Ng3, h3, a4, b4, e4, d5.

Madison moves: Nd6, clock, writes down the move.

The operator turns to the monitor...

The computer monitor with virtual chessboard. The mouse cursor grabs the black Knight and places it in the same way as Madison moved it on the board. Possible moves start calculating below the diagram. The computer moves: Bb6.

The operator repeats the computer's move on the board: Bb6. A kind smile spreads across his face.

Madison moves: Qe8, clock, writes down the move. Then she gets up from the table...

She walks over to the large window. There's a table with carafe. She fills the glass with water:

MADISON

Damn. Get your shit together.

She drinks.

INT. CYBERNET X. OFFICE - DAY

The slender leg in nylon shakes nervously under the table...

Madison bites hard the agnail on her thumb, staring at the operator. (Looks like she's playing against a grandmaster instead of the computer!)

The operator looks to the monitor trying his best to look smart...

Position on the chessboard - Black: Re7, Kf7, g7, f6, h6, b5, e5, c4, Qe3 White: Kf1, g2, c3, h3, b4, Be4, d5, f5, Ra6, Qd7. The operator's hand makes a move: Qxb5.

Jeffrey raises his eyebrows in surprise! (Too simple, a "human" move for the machine.)

Madison, as if expecting this kind of move, quickly responds: Qxe4.

MADISON

Draw?

The operator turns to the monitor, clicks his mouse, frowns, then turns back to Madison:

OPERATOR
(smiles)
Draw.

Handshake. The spectators applaud. Flashbulbs...

Jeffrey applauds with an air of the heavy burden that just fell off of him...

ELECTRONIC SCOREBOARD: Burke - 2.5 - BINOM - 2.5

Before our eyes, both 2.5 turns into 3.

INT. CYBERNET X. LAB - DAY

A snow-white hall stuffed with all sorts of computer processors. Men in white robes fumble with their computers.

The delegation enters the lab - Operator, Madison, followed by Jeffrey and the retinue of Cybernet X' representatives. The operator gesticulates, demonstrating the geeky interior of this place.

OPERATOR
And this is BINOM itself.

With a proud smile, he points at two huge black identical processors. The delegation stops next to them. Madison looks at these things suspiciously...

The group of people pose for the camera. The two black processors rise behind their backs. Madison and Operator stand in the center. Jeffrey is nearby. Employees of the company stand with the Operator. Flashbulb. The group of people disperse.

MADISON
Can I analyze one game on your
miracle machine?

OPERATOR
Of course. No problem.

INT. CYBERNET X. LAB - DAY

A YOUNG MAN with glasses and Madison sit next to each other and stare at the computer monitor.

MADISON
Rook b7.

BINOM interface on the computer screen. The position on the chess diagram - Black: Nd8, Be8, Kf8, Re7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Rc1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, f2, h2, Nc3, e3, Nd4, f4, a5. The cursor grabs the black Rook and moves it to b7.

The calculations of all possible moves run below the diagram...

Madison keeps a close eye on the calculations...

The calculations stop. The computer moves Ra1 for White.

Madison gulps...

MADISON

Rook c7.

THE CURSOR grabs the black Rook and moves it to c7...

Madison stares with tension at the monitor screen...

FLASHBACK: CHESSBOARD with Petrov's adjourn move. Black: Nd8, Be 8, Kf8, Re7, f7, h7, a6, Rd6, Nf6, g6, d5. White: Rc1, Rd1, Bf1, Kg1, f2, h2, Nc3, e3, Nd4, f4, a5.

Black moves: Rb7

White: Ra1

Black: Rc7

White: Na2

MADISON'S FACE with a hand over her mouth. She raises her eyebrows, makes big eyes. Simon thrusts her from behind...

THE CALCULATIONS stop. The computer moves Na2 for White...

Madison is piercing her eyes into the monitor. A beat.

YOUNG MAN

What's your next move?

She doesn't respond.

YOUNG MAN

Ma'am?

INT. CYBERNET X. HALLWAY - DAY

Big white hallway. Madison runs out the door, puts a cigarette in her mouth, and lights it up as she walks. Jeffrey runs after her.

JEFFREY

Maddy, wait. They give you one hundred thousand for the seventh game.

MADISON

(keep walking)

Fuck em! I'm not going to play with this thing anymore.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Panorama of Manhattan at night.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The music is playing quietly - something by Lionel Richie. Madison lies on the couch with a glass of champagne in her hand. She's wearing a white bathrobe. John massages her feet.

JOHN

Too bad Jeffrey didn't come by.

MADISON

He took a break. It's been a tough year for him too. Oh god, how cool you do this.

She groans. John smiles and continues massaging her feet.

JOHN

I'm happy that you're finally home.

She drinks champagne with her eyes closed.

MADISON

Home Sweet Home.

John's hands slowly crawl up Madison's legs, crawl under her bathrobe. Her eyes are still closed. John lies on top of her, kisses her on the lips. Madison wraps one arm around him, holding the glass of champagne in the other. She moans slightly with his kisses. Then she drinks from the glass. Her gaze focuses at nothing...

John notices that Madison is not paying attention to him...

JOHN

Maddy?

MADISON
(not right away)
Hm?

JOHN
Are you here?

MADISON
(comes to senses)
Sorry, what?

He gets up from her with a sigh.

MADISON
Sorry, this piece of iron worked me
hard. My head is buzzing...

She puts the glass on the table, rubs her temples.

JOHN
You know, since we started living
together, we've never been close.

MADISON
Sorry. You see, I'm always on the
road - tournaments, shootings,
interviews. I'm really tired. Let's
just be together tonight, okay?

She leans on his shoulder. John grins and gulps down his
glass of champagne.

JOHN
Are you a lesbian?

She pinches his ear!

JOHN
Ouch! Okay, I got it. I'm sorry,
but I had to ask!
(laughs)
Did you ever have anyone before me?
Asking for a friend.

MADISON
Yeah, I had one. A pianist.

JOHN
A pianist?

MADISON

Graduated from Juilliard with honors. The star of Boston Philharmonic. Once he broke a piano playing Rachmaninoff.

(laughs)

He also played for me, but unfortunately or fortunately, things didn't go further than Rachmaninoff.

JOHN

Why?

MADISON

We were too different people.

JOHN

So are we.

She smiles thoughtfully.

MADISON

Well, there is definitely a positive trend in our relationship.

JOHN

Really? What's it?

MADISON

You stopped calling me carrot.

He smiles.

JOHN

Tell me about yourself. I remember at school they said that you were raised by your father.

MADISON

Yeah. My father raised me, kind of. He was a thief. A safecracker. He gave up that business when he met my mother, and after her death, he devoted all his love and care to me. He worked day and night to provide for me. But he felt that it wasn't enough. One day his brother came into our lives. He enticed my father into the old business. The owner of the insurance agency they were supposed to rob promised them a decent cut.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

All they had to do was get inside, fake theft, open the safe, and make off with the money. My father opened that safe. Then they met with the owner at the appointed place, and of course he killed them and took all the money. He with his friends buried my father and uncle, and escaped. Their bodies were found a few months later, when that bastard was caught somewhere in Texas. Pretty sad story.

JOHN

Oh, Maddy, I didn't know... I'm so sorry.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madison smokes by the window...

John takes the postcard from the bookshelf, looks at it thoughtfully, drinks from his glass...

He approaches her:

JOHN

Oh yeah, I almost forgot...
(hands her the postcard)
It's an invitation to Sam O'Neil's party. I wanted to rip it up, at first, but you'll kill me if you know, so here... It came this morning. His spies have already found out where you live.

Madison's hands with the postcard: "Please come to my anniversary this Sunday. 7:00 pm. O'Neil Sesame. Your Sammy."

MADISON

(thoughtfully)
Again this hotel.

JOHN

Excuse me?

MADISON

You wanted to rip it? Why?

JOHN

Well, you know how I feel about this guy, right? There are a lot of nasty things behind him.

MADISON

Actually, he did a lot of good things. Do you know how much money he put into charity? And how much effort it costs to him promoting chess in States? He also has a whole program to support talented kids. After my father's death, his fund paid for all my needs.

JOHN

So you're going.

MADISON

Go with me.

JOHN

I'm not invited.

MADISON

I invite you.

John chuckles. She hugs him.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

It's a spacious fancy restaurant hall. Lots of tables with a bunch of men and women dressed in expensive dresses and suits.

Security guards in strict suits are scattered around the restaurant - it's a private party.

A small stage. A group of guitarist, bassist, keyboardist and saxophonist plays soft music. The huge letters: "HAPPY 65!" are above the stage.

A grey hair man in a black suit and glasses is at the table - MCKINLEY with a cigar in his hand. Next to him is an elegant elderly lady - his wife.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY - EVENING

Security GUARD #1 is at the entrance to the restaurant. There a few people in front of him. He checks the list and lets them in...

Slender legs in red high-heel shoes enter the frame. The long red dress train trails behind them. This is...

Madison. Now she appears in full - a bright red dress, bare shoulders, small red bag on her shoulder. The hair is neatly gathered on top, exposing the neck. Next to Madison is John - black suit, bow tie and nothing extra. They walk hand in hand towards the entrance of the restaurant.

They approach Guard #1.

MADISON
Madison Burke.

He catches her eye, and without even looking at the list replies:

GUARD #1
Come on in.

They want to go to the restaurant, but he immediately stops John:

GUARD #1
Excuse me sir, what's your name?

JOHN
John Levine.

The security guard looks at the list.

MADISON
(saves his time)
He's not on the list.

GUARD #1
Yes, sorry, sir. We have instructions to let guests in strictly according to the list.

MADISON
Well, then goodbye.

She turns around and takes John with her.

GUARD #1
Just a minute, ma'am!

They stop, look at him. He speaks into his walkie-talkie, listens. Then he turns to Madison again:

GUARD #1
Come on in, it's all right.

Madison and John exchange looks and walk back.

GUARD #1
Have a nice evening.

They go the restaurant.

JOHN
(to him)
Good boy.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

The saxophonist plays his part to the accompaniment of the band...

Madison and John approach a table covered with a white tablecloth. They sit down. She looks around...

Lonely Petrov is sitting at another table of the same size afar from them. He's wearing a white jacket, a black shirt with a red bow tie. He spots Madison and nods at her in greeting.

Madison nods back.

JOHN
(observing)
Man, lotta people here.
(his gaze fixes on
someone)
And here is my senator with his
wife.

McKinley puffs on his cigar...

John doesn't take his eyes off him.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Stand-up comedian CHRIS ROCK walks across the stage with a microphone and tells jokes:

CHRIS ROCK
What would you give to the person
who has everything in the world?
Screw all material gifts! He
doesn't need your watches,
ballpoint pens, your money... oh
wait, that's bullshit.

Laughter.

O'NEIL'S TABLE - we finally see SAM O'NEIL. It's an imposing man with a face of Mephistopheles. He's wearing a black suit and a white scarf casually thrown over his shoulders. He's in the company of his beautiful aged wife and two little twin granddaughters dressed alike. Both eat ice cream with spoonfuls.

CHRIS ROCK (CONT'D)

I would recommend him a service man. A real professional in his field - the butt-wiper guy!

Laughter.

CHRIS ROCK (CONT'D)

Yes, I know one guy. And I'm not talking about myself. Don't think that I'm asking for a job interview. Yeah, there are a lot of unemployed people in America, I'm willin' to put one hundred bucks that at least one will agree to this job. Just imagine - you live in O'Neil Sesame for free, go with Mr. O'Neil to all important meetings, sharp-dressed - everybody thinks that you are his "right hand" - and yes, you are his right fucking hand! Everybody's like: "Hm, O'Neil takes this guy everywhere. He must have seen some real shit!" You can also get the butt-kisser, but this is not my area. Contact RuPaul. I don't have connections at such high level, sorry.

O'NEIL'S TABLE - he pokes his finger at Chris Rock, laughing.

SAM O'NEIL

I love this guy!

CHRIS ROCK

(smiles to the camera)
Happy birthday, asshole.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Sam O'Neil, surrounded by guests, blows out the candles on the cake. Everyone cheers, champagne bottle caps shoot up!

Waiters roll a huge human-sized cake into the aisle between the tables.

SAM O'NEIL

Oh, it's not the all sweets yet?

He smiles in anticipation. The opening lines of "Heaven is a place on Earth" by Belinda Carlisle begin to play. The lights in the restaurant go dim...

MADISON AND JOHN'S TABLE - they are surprised by the sudden change of mood.

PETROV'S TABLE - he squints at the cake through his glasses.

O'NEIL'S TABLE - he and the guests around stare at the cake. The first lines of the song end, and as the main theme strikes, a girl pops out of the cake! She wears a white leather bra with angel wings, a halo on her blond head. She dances something dynamic like the song itself. In moments, the leather bra is flying away! The guests rejoice! The elite restaurant has turned into a stripclub! Sam devours the dancer with the gaze of an aging pervert.

MADISON AND JOHN'S TABLE - they watch the angel's dance in surprise.

O'NEIL'S TABLE - one of his granddaughter licks the spoon indifferently.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

The band on the stage plays soft music again...

McKinley says something to his wife, gets up from the table and leaves...

MADISON AND JOHN'S TABLE - John is watching him...

JOHN'S POV - McKinley meets a tall top-model looking girl in a tight black dress at the back door. He touches her shoulders, then they both go through the back door. Security guard who's nearby ignores them.

JOHN

I have to go to the restroom.

He quickly leaves without looking at Madison.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

John walks through the tables, passing a couple of tipsy celebrities...

He approaches the back door, wants to go in, but the security guard blocks his way. John's explaining something to him, gesticulating. The guard nods, then raises the walkie-talkie to his mouth. John captures his attention again, says something, and it affects the guard. He waves with walkie-talkie at the door "ok, screw you, come on in. " John taps him on his shoulder and walks through the back door.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. TECHNICAL CORRIDOR - EVENING

John finds himself in an empty technical corridor. There's nobody around. Several large wooden boxes stand against the walls. John walks down the corridor. He hears muffled female and male laughter - it's somewhere nearby.

He cautiously sneaks up to the door on the right. It's a large door with a small window covered with shutter. Laughter comes from there. He listens. Then he carefully lifts the shutter on the window...

JOHN'S POV - we see a small storage room with a lot of racks, the lights are on brightly. McKinley buried his face into the girl's breasts. She's laughing. He takes his red face out of her breasts, snorts. The girl sprinkles a white powder on her boobs, and McKinley buries his face into them again. He snorts louder. The girl laughs.

John quickly takes a tiny spy camera out of his jacket pocket, then carefully lifts the shutter all the way up and quickly snaps a few shots through the window.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Madison is bored at the table. Two wrinkled male hands touch her shoulders from behind. She flinches and turns around.

SAM O'NEIL

What are you doing here, poor thing? Why didn't you come to say hi? Are you hesitate?

MADISON

You scared me.

SAM O'NEIL

Sorry. I heard you came not alone. Where is your companion?

MADISON

He went out.

SAM O'NEIL

I have a business proposal for you.
Would you like...

We "bounce" back from them. Sam O'Neil leans in to Madison's ear and whispers something to her. She shrugs in embarrassment. He says something to her again. She shrugs and smiles broadly.

ON THE STAGE - a black female singer puts her soul into her song...

Madison and Sam O'Neil walk towards the restaurant exit.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. TECHNICAL CORRIDOR - EVENING

JOHN'S POV - the girl on her knees pleases the senator, he grunts, holding her head...

John snaps more pictures. He smiles wickedly, not believing his own luck...

Suddenly, a double door opens... a young waiter pulls a cart with bottles into the corridor...

John fearfully hides behind a large wooden box against the wall...

The young waiter pushes the cart past John and takes it to the end of the corridor. He bumps the door with his butt and enters the restaurant dragging the cart after him...

John takes a breath - "almost got caught!" But suddenly the door with the window opens! John quickly re-hides behind the wooden box on the other side. McKinley with his girl come out of the storage room.

They stagger back to the restaurant in an embrace.

John takes a breath again. He chuckles and smooches his spy camera.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

John returns to his table. Turns his head in search of Madison. He notices a white napkin on the table with a red writing. He takes the napkin...

It's written in lipstick: "Wait for me. I'll be back soon. - M."

John flops down at the table with a frown.

JOHN'S POV - McKinley is at his table with his wife. Next to him is that girl. We see his hand touching her ass...

John shakes his head.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. SAM'S PENTHOUSE - EVENING

The huge living room of O'Neil's penthouse. Several gray sofas in the center. Huge full-wall windows with a view of New York at night. Sam leads the way, followed by Madison. She looks around these gigantic expanses:

MADISON
Do you live here?

SAM O'NEIL
Sometimes. When I'm on the run from my wife. Mostly I make important deals here.

They pass the living room and enter an adjoining room that resembles an office.

There's a table and a small bright red sofa. Near the sofa is a cart with bottles. Sam snatches one bottle from the ice bucket.

SAM O'NEIL
Champagne?

MADISON
I've probably had enough.

SAM O'NEIL
Have a seat, please.

She sits down on the red sofa that matches her dress. Sam drinks from the neck of the bottle.

SAM O'NEIL
Have you spent your million yet?

MADISON
No. Oh I almost forgot. I have a gift for you.

She reaches into her purse, takes out a small oblong box wrapped in gift paper, and hands it to Sam:

MADISON
This is for you.

SAM O'NEIL

What is this?

MADISON

Ballpoint pen.

He laughs in seizure and drops the box on the table:

SAM O'NEIL

You are adorable, Madison. You are my best gift.

(sings with a strong
American accent)

Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître,
Qu'à jeter un regard sur moi, Pour
t'emparer de tout mon être,
Ô ma Carmen.

MADISON

You said something about advertising?

SAM O'NEIL

Oh yeah, I would like you to become the official of the Honoka company. Two-year contract for two million dollars. What do you think?

MADISON

I heard that you merged with this company.

SAM O'NEAL

"Merged" is not the right word, my dear. I fucked them.

He smiles smugly. A beat.

MADISON

Why not Petrov? He's your protégé.

SAM O'NEIL

He lost. I don't give two million bucks to losers.

MADISON

May I ask you a personal question?

SAM O'NEIL

Of course, my dear.

MADISON

Did you push the chess federation to hold our match earlier? You deliberately didn't give Petrov his time to rest after the tournament in Wijk aan Zee?

SAM O'NEIL

(sly smile)

Petrov is a cool guy, but he has already proved everything. It's the new era begins. Madison Burke era. The new star has risen in the world of chess! Besides, this starlet is a beautiful woman. Consider our modest contract like the first investment in your great future.

MADISON

And what should I do?

SAM O'NEIL

No-thing. Well, if only to give your radiant smile to everyone around.

Madison smiles sheepishly.

SAM O'NEIL

That's what I'm talking about. I, perhaps, will add this clause to the contract, and I will impute it to you. However, I need one small favor from you.

MADISON

What favor?

He sits down on the sofa next to her and puts his hand on her knee:

SAM O'NEIL

Quite small.

He hypnotically looks into her eyes, rubbing her leg.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Meanwhile, John is still at the table. He looks at his watch, then looks around the restaurant, and gets up...

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY - EVENING

John leaves the restaurant, looking around the lobby...

The concierge is at his counter. He's talking to an old lady. John approaches him.

JOHN

Hey, buddy, have you seen Madison Burke around here?

CONCIERGE

Madison Burke? Oh Miss Burke. Yeah, I saw her. She with Mr. O'Neil recently went up in the golden elevator.

JOHN

She with Mr. O'Neil what?! What elevator?

CONCIERGE

It's a private zone.
(nods forward)

We see in the opposite part of the lobby - the art deco foyer. Security GUARD #2 and GUARD #3 are standing at the elevator with golden doors. There's the sign: "RESIDENTS ONLY".

CONCIERGE (CONT'D.)

They're allowed in by special pass only.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. ART DECO FOYER - EVENING

John, trying to look as casual as possible, approaches security guard #2.

JOHN

Is the old man up there?

GUARD #2

Your pass, sir.

John feels his jacket.

JOHN

Left in my wife's purse.

GUARD #2

Sorry, but you can't come here without a pass.

JOHN
 Okay, okay, big man. Just tell me
 when this asshole is going
 downstairs? There's Barbara
 Streisand striptease dancing! Your
 boss should see this!

A beat. Guard #2 glares at John with despise.

GUARD #2
 Boss doesn't like to be disturbed.

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY / ART DECO FOYER - NIGHT

The concierge yawns...

John is on a stool at the counter - his face dark with anger.
 He keeps his eyes on the "golden elevator"

JOHN'S POV - Petrov enters the lobby. He talks on his mobile
 phone, takes out the pass from his pocket, shows it to Guard
 #2, enters the golden elevator...

John fixed his eyes on Petrov...

INT. O'NEIL SESAME. LOBBY / ART DECO FOYER - NIGHT

JOHN'S POV - the golden elevator doors open. Petrov and red,
 messed-up Sam O'Neil come out. Petrov says something to
 him...

John jumps off the stool...

PETROV
 It just needs to be done quickly.

SAM O'NEIL
 Why such a hurry?

Suddenly, John grabs Sam by his collar.

JOHN
 Where is she?! Where is she?!
 Answer!

PETROV
 Woah, easy man!

He tries to get between him and Sam. Sam looks at angry John
 with curiosity, not even trying to resist.

JOHN

What the fuck did you do to her?!

SAM O'NEIL

Who is it? What he wants? Where is security?

Petrov recognizes John and understands who he's talking about. Guards #2 and #3 run up to them.

PETROV

No need guards. Everything's fine.

JOHN

You're a bastard!

He punches Sam in the face, he falls to the floor...

The security guards rush to John. A fight breaks out. Several visitors crowd around John fighting security. Petrov trying to break them...

The golden elevator doors open... Madison, with her hair down, puts on her red shoe, fixes the shoulder strap of her dress. She quickly exits the elevator...

The guards kicks John out into the street...

Madison with a waterfall of black hair shows up in the lobby (the real Carmen). She's immediately blinded by paparazzi flashes...

Sam stands with a broken nose. His frightened wife holds an ice bag over his face. Security guards run all over the place. Petrov gesticulating to the assembled onlookers:

PETROV

Everything's fine. There's nothing to look at. Please clear the lobby!

He sees Madison, nods in the direction of the exit.

MADISON

John!

She runs towards the exit. Petrov follows her with a frown, then notices something on the floor...

The spy camera rests on the mirrored marble of the lobby...

Petrov picks it up and hides it in his pocket.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A high school building somewhere in Kansas.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Ordinary classroom. We hear teacher's chatter about the civil war offscreen. The camera moves slowly along the desks with young people about 20s. They are visibly bored. Some of the guys are in football jackets, the girls have 80s hairstyles. The camera stops at the desk where Maddy is sitting. She listens to the teacher, resting her face on her hand. The bell rings.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Maddy, with a backpack on her shoulders, walks down a noisy school hallway crowded with high school students. They are almost twice as tall as her.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Sunny day. Maddy sits at a table outdoors. In front of her on the table is a lunchbox and three open books, pressed against the rocks to keep the wind from turning the pages. She takes a carrot out of the lunchbox, starts crunching it, and digs into the first book.

All three books are about chess.

Maddy switches to the middle book, bites into a carrot, switches to the third book. Meanwhile there's the whole high school life happen around her. Boys throw football to each other. Girls gossip.

ROGER (O.S.)

So that's where you study. Are you
the smartest here?

Maddy, not immediately, looks up from the book. She sees Roger:

MADDY

Uncle Roger? What are you doing
here?

Roger in a cowboy hat imposingly paces to the table:

ROGER

Well, we were passing by with your
dad. We thought we'd drop by.

He glances at a passing-by school girl.

MADDY
Dad is here too?

ROGER
Yeah. He's coming now.

MADDY
You came early. I have three more classes.

ROGER
We'll just be here for a minute.

He sits down on a bench, looks at her chess books:

ROGER
Heard that Russian guy became a champion?

MADDY
Yeah. He's cool.

ROGER
You know, kiddo, Uncle Roger is proud of you. When you won that tournament, I knew it wasn't in vain that I showed you this damn chess. Finally I did something useful in my life.

MADDY
Uh-huh. Oh, my dad's birthday is coming soon. Well, so and yours. I have already got gifts for you. Do you have a gift for my dad? Do twins give each other gifts?

ROGER
They do. Soon your dad will give us helluva gift.
(winks)

BILL (O.S.)
Hey sunshine!

MADDY
Dad!

Bill comes up to them with a teddy bear in his hand.

BILL
Look what I have for you...
(hands her the teddy bear)

MADDY
Thanks, but what's that for?

BILL
Roger, watch the truck. I'll talk
to Maddy.

ROGER
Yes, sir!

He leaves.

BILL
Listen, Maddy. Will you stay at
Susan's for a couple of days? Roger
and I got a job to do. We need to
go some place.

MADDY
You won't be celebrating your
birthday in Wichita?

BILL
We'll see. If this all works out,
we will never have any problems
again. Never. You know?

MADDY
What if it doesn't work out?

BILL
We'll make it. Everything will be
all right. You know what? We will
celebrate our birthday in Wichita!
All together with the whole family!
I'll buy you all ice cream in town!
How do you like that, huh?

MADDY
Are you leaving today?

BILL
Yeah. Susan will take care of you.
She'll pick you up. I love you
sunshine. Just always remember
this. I mean, always know. Okay?

Maddy nods. Bill pats her head.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Panorama of gloomy London. Big Ben rises from the mist. The caption at the bottom of the screen "London. 1999"...

The Royal Albert Hall. The huge banner with Madison and Petrov is above the entrance doors. The banner says: "BURKE - PETROV. THE MATCH FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP"

INT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL. LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is full of journalists. Tripods with cameras near the entrance to the concert hall.

The doors open and people come out. They vigorously discuss what they saw. Someone is shocked, someone is smiling happily. A thin WEIRDO, 60, in tuxedo shows in the flow of people. He joyfully addresses the journalists in the lobby with tears in his eyes:

WEIRDO

Long live the King! Misha is back!

INT. IN THE CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Madison and Jeffrey are sitting in the back seat of the car. Both depressed.

JEFFREY

What was that? Do you have any explanations?

She looks out the window listlessly.

JEFFREY

I understand it's hard for you. A lot of things has happened lately. But you had to get together somehow. With the same result, you could simply refuse the match.

(beat)

I'm canceling your application for the St. Louis tournament.

MADISON

(lethargically)
Don't.

JEFFREY

Maddy...

MADISON
Don't cancel. I want to play.

JEFFREY
If you play there like today,
then...

MADISON
(interrupts)
I won't. I'll get together.

JEFFREY
Petrov will be there.

MADISON
So what.

JEFFREY
Maddy, I don't recognize you. You
are very tired. You need some rest.

MADISON
I will rest. The tournament is not
soon yet.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A working TV. FEMALE REPORTER, 25, bob haircut, gray jacket,
speaking in a familiar voice:

FEMALE REPORTER
New record of Madison Burke, this
time with the prefix "anti". The
woman who made history in the
ninety-seven by defeating Petrov
lost heavily to him in the match
for the world championship in
London. After a draw in the first
game, Mikhail Petrov confidently
won all the other six. The match
ended early. This is the brightest
victory of Petrov in his career,
and the bitterest defeat of Madison
Burke.

Jeffrey appears on the screen at the press conference table:

JEFFREY
It's not over yet! Madison Burke
will be back. You can be sure of
that.

Then Petrov appears with a laurel wreath around his neck. He looks depressed, as if he lost, not his opponent.

FEMALE REPORTER

So what does the new old champion say?

The TV turns off.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chessboard with pieces. Position - White: Rg1, g2, Kh2, e4, d5, Nh5, Qd6, Bg7. Black: Re8, Kg8, f7, b5, Bg5, b4, Bh3, Qf2.

Madison leaned over the board, propping her face up. The cigarette is between her fingers. She frowns at the position, mumbles something unintelligible under her breath, puffs on her cigarette. Doorbell.

She takes her eyes off the board and looks up...

Clock on the wall - 5:00 pm

She takes a puff.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madison opens the door - ALAN, 53, a short, plump man with receding hair. He smiles pleasantly.

ALAN

Good afternoon ma'am. I'm Alan Spitzer, real estate agent. Remember we talked on the phone three days ago? Do you have time now?

She nods and steps aside. Alan walks into the apartment - he's a head shorter than Madison. He still smiles and looks around the apartment - he likes what he sees.

ALAN

Hmm, good.

We see the piano against the wall, there is some rubbish on it...

The staircase to the second floor bedroom. There's an ashtray full of cigarette butts...

The couch in the center of the living room. On the couch is a whole mountain of fast food boxes. Plastic canisters are scattered around the couch...

Alan's face changes slightly with this picture, but he tries not to show it:

ALAN

Very nice.

He notices something in the distance...

A bookshelf. The photo of John hugging Madison in a wedding dress.

ALAN

Oh, I'm so sorry about your husband. I hope he's fine.

Madison takes a puff. A beat.

ALAN

You mentioned a bad smell from the pantry. May I check it?

MADISON

All the way to the left.

Alan nods with a smile, and scurries across the living room.

MADISON

I'll make you coffee.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. PANTRY - DAY

Alan opens the door. He switches the light on - the yellow light floods the small pantry. Alan sniffs the air loudly. He examines the pantry, frowns strangely.

ALAN'S POV - the pantry is all covered with plastic wrap, walls, floor, ceiling.

Alan sniffs the air again, shrugs.

ALAN

(loud to the side)
I can't smell anything, ma'am.

INT. SAINT LOUIS. TOURNAMENT. PAVILION - DAY

Pavilion filled with tables with chess players...

Madison is sitting at the table. She looks pale, haggard. Makes a move, writes it down. She leans back in the chair, looks away...

MADISON'S POV - Petrov is a few rows away. He wears a black jacket with white "Honoka" patches. He catches her eye...

She turns away.

INT. SAINT LOUIS. TOURNAMENT. PAVILION - DAY

Madison paces along the rows, looking at the boards. She holds a plastic cup of water. She takes a pill bottle from her jacket pocket and pours some into her mouth. Drinks from the cup.

Petrov goes her way, he notices her ...

Madison turns 180 degrees and walks back. Petrov overtakes and catches her elbow:

PETROV
We need to talk.

MADISON
About what?

PETROV
Let's go.

He takes her away.

INT. SAINT LOUIS. TOURNAMENT. PAVILION. RESTROOM - DAY

A regular restroom. White tiles. Urinals in a row. Booths, sinks, mirrors. Petrov and Madison enter the restroom. He ducks down - checks to see if somebody's feet stick out in the booths - nobody!

MADISON
Why did you bring me here? This is
the men's room.

She puts her cup on the sink.

Petrov removes the "OUT OF ORDER" sign from the door and hangs it on the outside of the door.

PETROV
How are you?

MADISON

If you just wanted to know how I'm doing, well I'm fine. Any more questions?

PETROV

Here, take...

He takes John's spy camera out of his pocket.

MADISON

What is this?

PETROV

Remember the fight between John and O'Neil? This thing fell out of John's pocket. There are photos of Senator McKinley. I think it's a clue to his disappearance. McKinley clearly wouldn't have liked the publication of these photos.

MADISON

And now you're giving me this?

PETROV

Yeah, all this time I kept it. And when all this news about your husband was missing came out, I decided to give it to you.

MADISON

What should I do with it?

PETROV

Don't know. Go to police, hire a private detective, hand it over to journalists.

MADISON

What if I don't believe you? What if you took that film to McKinley as soon as you got it?

PETROV

If that were the truth, you would never have honeymooned with John. McKinley would have reached for him much earlier, and he would have bumped you off as well.

MADISON

So, I owe my short family happiness to you personally, Comrade Petrov. Well, thanks.

She wants to leave.

PETROV

Wait. About our match... don't get upset about your defeat. You played great.

MADISON

Are you kidding?!

PETROV

No, really. In the third game, you responded my King's Gambit with your Counter Gambit f7-f5! I was stunned! It was like being under an ice cold shower!

MADISON

I have a game soon.

She wants to leave again, but he stands up in her way:

PETROV

Maddy, listen, I... I love you.

MADISON

What?

PETROV

I love you. You are the most amazing girl I have ever met.

MADISON

You tell all your sluts this shit.

PETROV

No, I... listen. Oh, if only you could believe me. I've been fascinated by you since the Candidates. God, remember the fourth game against Dutikoff? How cleverly you jumped your Rook into his bosom! And what about your Bishop move against Yoshida?!

(MORE)

PETROV (CONT'D)

You love your Bishops so much, but suddenly you sacrificed them both.. but damn it, it worked! And poor Hekmatyar hoped for "Berlin Defense"!

(chuckles)

He gently takes her by the shoulders.

PETROV

Sorry that I broke our first match. My wife filed for divorce. I had to come back to Korea and settle all the stuff. I couldn't think about chess. But you didn't waste your time. You prepared well for the final game. You're a miracle. More than anything, I'd like you to be with me... always...

He squeezes her into his arms and kisses her on the lips... she gives in.

PETROV

I will help you. You will be invincible...

MADISON

No... no... It's not the right time.

(removes him)

PETROV

Oh, sorry. Yeah... John... you still love him. I shouldn't have...

She runs away.

PETROV

Maddy!

He remains alone.

PETROV

(to himself in Russian)

Idiot.

INT. SAINT LOUIS. TOURNAMENT. PAVILION - DAY

Petrov is standing on the impromptu stage, receiving the applause from the audience. A man hands him a golden cup. Flashbulbs.

Madison is among the people. She claps listlessly to him.

Petrov waves to the audience. He meets Madison's eyes. Both are awkward.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madison lies on the bed in the dark, staring at the ceiling...

John's spy camera is on the bedside table. Her hand takes the camera...

Madison sits on the floor in a nightgown, in the moonlight, looking at the camera, then she opens the back panel, takes out a film stock, opens it and pulls the film out with an apathetic face... she's pulling, pulling, pulling... now her knees covered with the black film.

She throws the empty stock away, grabs the celluloid tresses, examines them, then...

She lies down on the floor, takes a fetal position and covers herself with the film. The expression on her face is still apathetic. Her eyes shine with the moonlight.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Grocery store. Madison - black coat, red scarf and black glasses (If she wanted to be low profile than she failed. She looks weird, dressed unseasonably). Her unwashed greasy hair is taken in an untidy ponytail. She picks up fast food in her basket.

A middle-aged MAN with a mustache, in a plaid shirt. He stands at the shelf with magazines watching her...

A lady cashier breaks through boxes of food. Beeb, beeb, beeb. She looks at Madison, who is in front of her. Madison looks anxious. The whole queue is behind her. She wants to leave this place as soon as possible.

The man with a mustache is standing in the queue. He keeps his eyes on Madison.

EXT. NEW YORK. STREET - DAY

It's a cloudy summer day. Madison walks quickly down the street, bags in hand. The man with a mustache shows up behind her. Now we see a bag on his shoulder. He takes out a video camera.

Madison fixes the scarf over her face. But suddenly this man catches up with her. He points his camera at her.

MAN

Hello Madison. You look wonderful.
What does police say? Did they find
your husband?

She picks up her pace without looking at him.

THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA - Madison is trying to break away from the annoying stalker:

MAN (O.S.)

Does his disappearance have
something to do with his conflict
with O'Neil? Did Sam O'Neil kill
your husband? Is he threatening you
too? How much did he pay you for
your silence?

MADISON

Fuck off!

She takes off running.

MAN

(after her)
Have a nice day, Madison!

EXT. NEW YORK. GATEWAY - DAY

Madison turns into the gateway, and presses against the wall of the building. She takes a breath, calms down a bit and leaves.

A bum in a pile of garbage is surprised about his unexpected guest.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

Spacious hallway of a residential building. There are several doors. Madison enters the frame. She's out of breath from walking up the stairs with the stuffed bag. She comes to the door of her, once John's apartment.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

How often does your elevator break
down?

She turns back to the voice...

A middle-aged black man in a gray suit with a tie - ANGEL - sits on the stairs:

ANGEL

Hi. My name is Angel Clarkson. FBI.

He shows his ID with three blue letters.

ANGEL

I just came, but you weren't home.
It's good that I got you.

He gets up from the steps and walks over to her.

MADISON

Did you find my husband?

ANGEL

No, ma'am. It's about Alan Spitzer.

MADISON

I already spoke to police.

ANGEL

Yeah, but the case is not easy.
Police can't handle it alone. They
called guys in suits. So you were
his last client the day he
disappeared. When he left you, did
he say where he was going?

MADISON

No. He valued my apartment at one
million dollars, finished his
coffee and left. I never saw him
again.

ANGEL

And the reason why you want to sell
this apartment?

MADISON

I want to move to Soho.

ANGEL

You seem to have another real
estate in Boston.

MADISON

I don't live there anymore.

ANGEL

Do you know the name Matthew
Collins?

MADISON

No.

ANGEL

Don't hurry. Take your time and think. Nothing comes to your mind?

MADISON

Listen, I'm wildly tired. My head aches so bad. I have a lot of chores to do.

ANGEL

I understand. Can I use your phone please? I need to make one little call.

She takes out her mobile phone and offers it to him.

ANGEL

Oh, sorry ma'am, I don't like these things. I've heard they emit radiation. Can I call from your home phone?

MADISON

It's broken.

ANGEL

Well, then I'll use the payphone. Goodbye.

He bows, walks up to the elevator and presses the button, but immediately remembers that it's not working. He smiles, taps his forehead, and walks down the stairs.

INT. BOSTON. CHESS CLUB - DAY

The medium size hall, completely furnished with chess tables. Here's a tournament. The caption at the bottom of the screen: "Boston. 1987".

A GUY, 20, stands near the board with the names of the participants, he talks to an older man, then he notices someone aside and quickly leaves...

Jeffrey enters the hall accompanied by two men. The guy runs up to him.

GUY

Mr. Bullock, she's here!

JEFFREY

Who?

GUY

That orphan girl. Come!

INT. BOSTON. CHESS CLUB - DAY

Maddy sits at the table, plays for black. A CHESS PLAYER, 20 - a brunet with glasses is opposite her. Behind Maddy are Jeffrey and that guy.

JEFFREY

Not bad for a girl. What class?

GUY

(whispers)

Master. She's leading.

Position on the board - White: Rh1, Qe1, Rd1, Kg2, Be2, Bd2, a2, Nc3, g4, Nd5, b5, c6. Black: Kg8, Rf8, Nh7, Rf7, c7, a7, Be6, g5, Qe5, Bc5, f4.

Maddy moves: Qxe2+

Jeffrey raises his eyebrows in surprise.

JEFFREY

Okay, I'll work with her. We'll see what comes out of it.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Home phone is on the screen. Three calls. Then Jeffrey's voice comes from the voice recording machine:

JEFFREY (V.O.)

Hi Maddy. This is Jeffrey. Long time no see. How are you? Carol and I are coming to New York tomorrow. I'll visit you. Any news on John? Okay, let's talk it private. Hey Madz, I love you, girl. Thanks for not leaving your old man all these years. We'll get through. Everything will be alright. See ya.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM \ HALLWAY - EVENING

Empty dirty living room. The whole room is a total mess. Rachmaninoff's Etude Op.39 No. 5 thunders throughout the living room. Doorbell. Then doorbell again. Three knocks on the door.

JEFFREY (O.S.)
Maddy, it's me Jeffrey!

Another three knocks.

JEFFREY (O.S.)
Maddy!

HALLWAY - Jeffrey stands at the door. He hears the piano music behind the door. He leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Jeffrey walks down the sidewalk, looks up at the top windows. Stops...

JEFFREY'S POV - the windows of the apartment where Madison lives. There is a light on.

He frowns with a bad feeling...

EXT. AT THE METAL LADDER \ AT THE WINDOW - EVENING

A dark nook in the courtyard of the building. Jeffrey jumps up, grabs the metal ladder and pulls it down.

He climbs up, groaning...

VIEW FROM THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW - Jeffrey appears in the window. He's tired - the way up was not easy for him. He peers into the living room. The sound of piano comes from the apartment.

JEFFREY'S POV - a spacious loft room is lit with light. Madison is nowhere to be found.

VIEW FROM THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW - Jeffrey bangs on the window:

JEFFREY
(muffled through the
glass)
Maddy! Maddy!

He breaks the glass with his elbow - the jacket didn't even rip. Then he reaches inside and opens the window.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jeffrey gets inside the living room through the window. Rachmaninoff is still playing loudly. Jeffrey immediately pinches his nose from the stench. He slowly walks through the filthy living room, looks at the floor.

There's a lot of rubbish here - canisters, rags, food boxes. Chessboard, the pieces scattered across the floor.

He looks around the living room, squinting from the stench. Then he goes to the stairs leading to the second floor.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Jeffrey comes in the bedroom. It's dark in here. He's looking around...

There is a big bed here. John's clothes are laid out on it - a jacket, a tie, trousers, boots. It looks like John has vanished on the bed, leaving only his clothes behind. Next to the bed is Madison. She lies on the floor in a fetal position - wearing a diaper only. Her hair turned into greasy icicles.

JEFFREY

Maddy!

He runs up to her, lifts her up by the shoulders. She raises her head wearily - completely empty eyes fix on his face - it is not clear whether she recognizes him or not.

JEFFREY

What's happened?! Jesus!

He places her on the bed, takes off his jacket and puts it over her shoulders. He sits at her feet, takes her hands.

JEFFREY

Tell me what happened to you? Are you okay?

She is silent. She starts to shiver.

Jeffrey examines her.

JEFFREY

Oh God. When was the last time you took a shower?

She chatters her teeth.

JEFFREY

Did you take any drugs?

He runs to the bedside table...

He examines the items on the table, picks up a pill bottle.
It says "TRANQUILIZER"...

He comes back at Madison's feet with the pill bottle:

JEFFREY

Why are you taking this crap?!

MADISON

(trembling with chills)

Go...go a... go a... way... I...
I... ca... can't... con... con...
trol... m... my... s...

JEFFREY

What? Wait, I'll get you a bathrobe
and some water. I'll be right back.

He runs away. She remains shivering on the bed.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jeffrey runs down the stairs to the living room. Runs towards
the pantry.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Jeffrey opens the bathroom door, switches the light on and
immediately pinches his nose from a stench.

JEFFREY

(squints)

Oh shit!

He quickly grabs a bathrobe and wants to run out of the
stinky bathroom, but suddenly stops... He stares at the
bathtub... his hand no longer pinches his nose, as if the
stench no longer matters compared to what he sees... He
vomits on the floor... gets on all fours, continuing to
puke...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - EVENING

He crawls out of the bathroom, sits on the floor with his back against the wall. He wipes his mouth with his hand. The absolute emptiness is on his face...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Meanwhile, Madison is still sitting on the bed with the jacket over her shoulders. Still shivering.

Jeffrey enters the bedroom, barely moving his legs. He looks at Madison with frightened curiosity. Freezes in place. A long silent pause. We can only hear her soft sobs.

Jeffrey slowly walks over to the bed, slowly sits down...

Madison gathered some strength and looks in his direction...

Jeffrey stares at nothing with the same emotionless face.

EXT. GREEN LAWN - DAY

Warm sunny day. Beautiful green lawn. Here's a simultaneous game session. Tables with chessboards are arranged in two rows. The caption at the bottom of the screen: "Kansas"

The players, young and old, are getting ready to meet the grandmaster.

Lots of viewers also. And lots of journalists with cameras.

Sad looking Jeffrey is among the people. Somebody pats him on the shoulder, he comes to life and shakes the hand.

EXT. AT THE TRAILER - DAY

A white trailer is parked away from the public on a green lawn. The door opens - slender legs in nylon tights and black shoes jump off the trailer - this is Madison. She looks good, although she has lost some weight. She dressed again in her "secretary" outfit - a black knee-length skirt, a black jacket. Her hair well washed and unruly again. She goes to the public...

EXT. GREEN LAWN - DAY

Jeffrey notices her...

Madison slowly walks to the tables. A guy got in touch with her, one of the organizers. He quickly explains something to her.

The players at the tables and the audience also notice her, perk up and begin to applaud.

FEMALE HOST
(into microphone)
Here is our champion. Madison
Burke!

Madison stands between the tables, bows.

FEMALE HOST
(into microphone)
Before we start, I would like to
thank you on behalf of everyone
here. You are the great pride of
our state. You have inspired so
many children across the States and
all around the world. You're the
embodiment of the American spirit
and the American dream. Also, it
was you who inspired us to found
this chess club. For us, you remain
number one and always will be. So
welcome home, dear Maddy.

The people and Jeffrey applaud.

EXT. SIMULTANEOUS GAME SESSION #2 - DAY

Madison walks up to the first table...

The old man with a pleasant face smiles at her.

Madison shakes his hand and moves for White - e4.

She walks over to the second table...

A scowling boy 10 years old with glasses.

Madison shakes his hand and moves for White - e4.

She goes to the third table...

An asian teen girl.

Madison shakes her hand and moves for White - e4.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GREEN LAW \ GREEN LAW - DAY

A black Cadillac SUV with flashing lights pulls off the road and stops on the green lawn. Angel and a couple of solid men in suits get out of the car. They go to the place where the game is helding...

Jeffrey chats with the female host, notices new guests...

On the road, next to the Cadillac, a couple of police cars pull up. The cops get out and also move to the chess tables...

Meanwhile, Madison makes a move.

The man with the thick mustache frowns, scratches the back of his head, and writes down her move.

Madison walks over to the next table. The position on the board - White: Kh2, Qc3, g3, Ne5. Black: Kg7, a6, Nf6, g5, Qe4.

A nine-year-old girl with black pigtails, who looks like Madison as a child, moves: Kh6.

Madison looks at the chessboard...

Angel with his company appear on the lawn near the tables.

ANGEL

(after a beat)

Madison Burke, you're under arrest
for the murders of Alan Spitzer and
John Levine.

People went silent in fear. The female host stare with open mouth at the representatives of the law.

The girl with pigtails looks frightened from the agents to Madison...

She still thinks on the position.

ANGEL

Ma'am, can you hear me?

MADISON

Hm?

She turns to Angel.

ANGEL

(to the cops)
Take her.

Two cops put Madison's hands behind her back, handcuff her, and take her away. She takes one last look at the girl...

The girl with pigtails follows her with her big eyes...

The cops lead Madison by the elbows to the car. Her previous apathetic condition has returned to her again. The FBI agent walks nearby and reads her rights - we don't hear him. As she is being led, a scene unfolds behind her:

Angel calls for the calm of the audience. Journalists take the sensational shots...

Jeffrey moves away from the people surrounding Angel - now this guy is the main star here. Jeffrey looks off into the distance. The wind ruffles his hair...

The endless expanses of Kansas, somewhere behind the green lawn, we see the yellow ocean of the wheat field...

Madison is put into the police car and taken away...

Angel gets into the Cadillac, and moves off after the police cars...

Jeffrey sits on the green lawn with his head bowed. Lonely chess tables. Nobody's around. Rachmaninoff's Prelude Op.23 No.4 D-dur plays offscreen (it plays throughout the next few scenes)

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Familiar dirty living room. Cops of all kinds are everywhere.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - DAY

Two men in white sealed suits with face masks approach the bathtub, push back the curtain...

We see the bathtub filled to the brim with dark green goo - there are the remains of Alan and John. Their semi-eroded heads are clearly visible.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Madison is led into the courtroom under flashbulbs. She is handcuffed and dressed in an orange robe...

A cute PRESECUTOR, 30, is speaking to a female JUDGE. He artistically brandishes Burke's case with an accusatory speech.

At the table - a white MALE ATTORNEY, Madison in handcuffs, and a black FEMALE ATTORNEY. We can tell by their faces that the thing is not good.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. PANTRY / KITCHEN - DAY

Alan enters the pantry, looks around the tiny room sealed with plastic...

IN THE KITCHEN - Madison stands at the kitchen table, biting her agnail nervously...

Madison's hand grabs a knife from the table...

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. PANTRY - DAY

Dead Alan with his throat slit is lying on the floor. The plastic wrap is splattered with his blood. Caption: "Alan Spitzer #4". Madison closes the pantry door.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madison, with blood on her face and hair, returns to the couch with the chessboard. Position on the board - White: Rg1, g2, Kh2, e4, d5, Nh5, Qd6, Bg7. Black: Re8, Kg8, f7, b5, Bg5, b4, Bh3, Qf2.

She frantically moves the pieces with bloody hands. White: Bf6. Black: Bg4. White: Bxg5. Black: Bxh5 White: Qh6.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Madison is hitchhiking on the side of the road. She's wearing an oversized leather jacket, cowboy boots, and a cowboy hat (where did she get that outfit?!) A heavy bag slung over her shoulder.

Thomas' pickup truck stops in front of her. Madison leans over to the passenger door's window...

INT. IN THE TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Thomas is driving. He tells Madison something with interest. Caption: "Thomas Riley #2 (confessed)" Madison nods, listening to his stories, reaching into her bag...

THE BAG contains the kitchen knife.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - NIGHT

Thomas' pickup truck pulls over to the side of the road and stops.

INT. IN THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Thomas devours Madison with his eyes. Winks at her.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - NIGHT

The door opens. Madison gets out of the truck, wiping the blood from her face with the sleeve of her jacket. She looks around, runs away.

IN THE TRUCK - dead Thomas with his throat slit is at the steering wheel.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Now, the prosecutor is in a different suit, but still emotionally describes the crimes of Madison Burke.

The female judge squints in disgust...

The prosecutor interrogates Jeffrey. He pokes papers in his face. Jeffrey replies calmly.

BLACK SCREEN. The inscription:

"Jeffrey Bullock claimed he knew nothing about the murders."

PETROV testifies. The black female attorney asks him questions. He answers peeking at Madison.

She hasn't changed since the previous court - the same apathy, the same robe.

Petrov answers in great agitation.

BLACK SCREEN. The inscription:

"Mikhail Petrov defended his world title one more time, and retired. He rejoined his ex-wife. They currently live in Seoul, Korea, and raising a son."

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A chessboard with pieces is located on the floor. Black - Re8, Bg8, b7, Kh7, a6, Qd6, g6, f5, h5, e4. White - Rc1, Kh1, a2, b2, g2, d4, f4, h4, Ne5, Qg5.

John sleeps on the bed in the moonlight. Caption: "John Levine #3"

Madison, in her nightgown, sits on the bed with her back to John, feverish. She turns to him, then turns away again. She is struggling with a wild desire... She pulls her hair...

Madison's bloody hand makes a move for black - Ra8.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Madison, covered in blood, sobs on the tiled floor.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madison is talking to a stocky COP at the door. He nods politely as he scribes on his notepad.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Madison opens a tall refrigerator, and there are... two large black bags stacked on top of each other and stuffed with something dense. There are no shelves in the refrigerator. She takes the top bag and pulls it out of the refrigerator with an effort.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - DAY

Madison pours acid from a plastic canister into the bathtub. A tear runs down her cheek.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The male attorney interrogates Sam O'Neil. He's wearing his trademark white scarf, trying to look confident.

BLACK SCREEN. The inscription:

"After the trial, Sam O'Neil was forced to hide from the attacks of journalists. He got divorced and lost all of his money."

ANGEL, is in his unchanging gray suit and tie, testifies behind the defendant's desk, glancing down at his papers...

The prosecutor collapsed on a chair with a look of the winner.

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cop aims with a bulky camera at Simon's body. Flashbulb...

Simon's body on its back with a smashed head in a pool of black blood. There is the bloody iron nearby. Caption: "Matthew Collins aka 'Simon' #1 (confessed)" Flashbulb again. Rachmaninoff's prelude finishes.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The judge's hand bangs with a gavel...

Madison and her attorneys stand in front of the judge. The audience's noise is behind them.

JUDGE

Silence in court! Silence in court!

She bangs with the gavel. The noise subsides.

JUDGE

Defendant, do you understand the verdict?

MADISON

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Your last word.

MADISON

I'm sorry.

The court growls again.

JUDGE

Silence!

Banging with the gavel. The court is silent.

The camera slowly zooms in on Madison's face during the next speech:

JUDGE (O.S.)

Madison Mary Burke, you have been given a talent by God that you have decided to exchange for the fleeting pleasure of bloody massacre. Now is the time to pay for your terrible crimes and for the pain you have caused to the families of your victims. The whole world admired you. All of America loved you and considered you as a role model. You broke heart of America. I feel sorry for you. May God bless your dark soul. The judgment is over. Thank you.

The bang of the gavel offscreen.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

A clown with a red nose breaks into the frame!

We are at the country fairground. The clown entertains the kids gathered around him. Suddenly, his nose falls off!

The kids laugh. Maddy furrows her brows.

The clown sticks his nose back - he professionally gets out of the awkward situation...

Bill, holding the large teddy bear, is talking to an old man in a cowboy hat. Bill waves to Maddy...

She waves back at him.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

A truck whose trunk is a shop with all sorts of rubbish - scary masks, old books, Ouija boards and other mystical stuff. We also see a sign: "READ THE FORTUNE 2\$". The SALESMAN, 40, a red-haired guy with thick sideburns, in a white shirt with a bow tie, sits on the side of the trunk. A teenager girl is next to him. He holds her left hand palm up and tells her something. The girl smiles and nods.

Maddy and Bill with teddy bear are standing nearby. Bill communicates with the same cowboy.

Maddy looks at the salesman and tugs on Bill's shirt.

MADDY

Dad. Dad, I wanna know my fortune!

She points her finger at the guy. Bill turns around and spots him.

BILL
Are you sure?

Maddy nods.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

The salesman turned his head to the tome.

Maddy walks up to him, gives him two bucks, and holds out her left hand.

He takes the money with a smile, looks at her palm, then puts two bucks back into it:

SALESMAN
Sorry, I'm already done.

He reaches into his stuff, takes out a lollipop.

SALESMAN
(smiles)
Here you go, this is instead of
fortune.

MADDY
Thank you.

She takes the lollipop and leaves. The smile fades from his face...

Maddy returns to Bill. He takes her hand and they leave together.

BILL
Well, did you know your fortune?

MADDY
No.

BILL
Why not?

MADDY
He's already finished.

BILL
Got two bucks back?

MADDY

Yeah, he also gave me this candy.

BILL

What a weirdo.

Maddy turns back...

The salesman stares after her in fear, flinching at her gaze. Closes the trunk fold and jumps into the cab...

Maddy and Bill continue to walk, hand in hand.

BILL

Do you want ice cream?

MADDY

Uh-huh.

The frame dims. The song "Daylight" by Robert Tepper begins to play offscreen. The inscription on the black screen:

"Madison Burke was sentenced to life with no parole. She served her sentence in Sing Sing Prison, New York. On March 4th, 2007, she died of a stroke. Her body was cremated. Her ashes were scattered by Jeffrey Bullock near Manhattan, Kansas."

THE END

Credits.

"The main characters are fictitious. The coincidences are accidental."